

Children's Newspaper, June 14, 1930

The C.N. at Any House  
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*See back page*

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 586

Week Ending  
JUNE 14, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A LOVE STORY OF OUR TIME

### LOVE NEVER FAILETH

IT SUFFERS LONG AND  
IS KINDA Beautiful Woman Goes Out  
of the World With a Poet

MR AND MRS ALFRED WILLIAMS

*When Poverty comes in at the door,  
they say, Love flies out at the window.  
It is not true. Love endures all things.*

A very beautiful woman has gone from among us, and all her friends are glad. There could have been no happiness for her on Earth after the death, six weeks before hers, of Alfred Williams the Hammerman Poet.

Their love story is as lovely as one of his poems. All their lives they were poor, as far as food and clothes and furniture went. But they were very rich in love of literature and Nature and of each other.

#### Their Last Journeys

When the poet came back from his toil at the railway works she would be ready to sit up with him nearly all night at his studies. They shared each other's feelings so perfectly that they seemed to have one life, not two.

That is why Alfred Williams died. When his wife fell ill she was taken to an infirmary, and every day her husband made long journeys for the joy of seeing her. Then the surgeon told him that she could not get well. The next day he was found in his bed, dead.

His wife insisted on being brought back from the infirmary to the home they had shared and built, and from its window she watched them carrying him to his last rest. Now she shares that too.

#### Perfect Love

A writer in The Times has said this of this wonderful wife:

Of humble family Mrs Williams was a beautiful woman, alike in mind and body, with long delicate hands, gentle in manner and in speech, and refined as only persons of natural and unschooled refinement can be.

Her married life, full of privation though it was, had been a thing of extraordinary beauty and reciprocal devotion. When Alfred Williams, after long hours at the forge, sat up late into the night mastering the classical languages, Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, from which he distilled their innermost beauty, she had sat with him, helping him with the lexicons, copying his manuscripts when he was too poor to command a typewriter, writing down his exquisite verse as the lines formed themselves and found speech, ministering always to him with unfailing fidelity. Such perfect love he returned with perfect adoration.

After the poet's death many people who would have been glad and proud to help him discovered the poverty these two brave folk hid from the world.

Here is a tale more beautiful than Tristan and Iseult's, waiting for the poet who wrote The Everlasting Mercy to make it immortal.

### The King's Milkmaid



"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" asks the old nursery rhyme. This milkmaid is on her way to the milking sheds at Frogmore in the Home Park at Windsor. The King takes a keen interest in the farm at Frogmore, which supplies milk and other dairy produce to the Royal palaces.

### HIS THRONE FOR HIS FAITH

#### The Things That Are Greater Than Caesar's

AMONG much that is sad and disturbing from India comes a story of devotion and sincerity which is good to read.

Rajah Sir Harnam Singh has died at the age of 78. As a young man the Rajah was attracted to Christianity, through the influence of a good Indian woman, the daughter of an Indian clergyman who himself had given up his home, parents, and property at the call of his faith.

It was a great struggle for the young prince, who was heir to the throne of his State, to decide whether he should in his heart go on believing in Christianity and retain his right to the throne or declare openly his allegiance and sacrifice his worldly prospects. He decided to sacrifice the good things of this world and confess his faith in Christianity.

The laws of the State demanding that the ruling prince must be an adherent

of the Sikh religion, the young man gave up his position and went to live in British India, where his life would be safe.

After a time the people who were angry with the prince soon began to see that he was an upright and God-fearing man, and, though he was never recalled to occupy the throne, they held him in great respect, and he was invited to all the social functions of the State. He was soon elected by the small but rapidly-growing Indian Church as its natural leader. His freedom from the old prejudices brought him into close touch with the English people and his home had always English guests. He sent his five sons to Harrow and Cambridge for education, and they are all occupying important positions in the Government of India. His daughter was the first Indian woman to take part in tennis, and she won several championships.

### IT WILL COME RIGHT TIME MAKES ALL THINGS EASY

Sad Things That Become Sacred  
Ties in the Life of Nations

#### THREE STORIES

Wait a hundred years and everything comes right.

A hundred years ago, in the year 1832 to be exact, Antwerp was besieged and the citadel bombarded by the French. When the city was taken an ivory crucifix disappeared from the cathedral.

The crucifix eventually found its way by gift or purchase to Brighton, where for many years it has had a place among the ivories of the museum. In July the Mayor of Brighton is going to take back the crucifix to Antwerp and give it back to the city from which it came.

#### After Nearly Two Centuries

That is our first example of a just generosity which might be widely followed among nations that have acquired the heirlooms of their neighbours.

In our second example England profits by a generosity which forgets an old difference. Nearly two centuries ago (on September 13, 1759) General Wolfe assaulted Quebec, which he had besieged for 69 days, and by a daring which cost him his life he outwitted General Montcalm, the French soldier who had so heroically defended the citadel. On that day Canada passed under the British flag.

Now at Greenwich a descendant of Quebec's defender, the Marquis de Montcalm, has been unveiling a monument to Wolfe.

#### Here Sleep the Brave

From Plymouth comes another story. During the war with America in 1812 the American brig Argus and the British brig Pelican were fighting off Plymouth, and the commander of the Argus and one of his midshipmen were killed. The surgeons worked hard, but in vain, to save the commander's life, and when the two men were buried together in the churchyard of St Andrew's the inscription on their tombstone was concluded with the words "Here sleep the brave."

Now, after 100 years and more, most of St Andrew's churchyard has been swept away, only a little strip of it separating the church from the ancient Prysten House. It was in this strip that the two soldiers lay.

It has now occurred to the society known as the United States Daughters of 1812 to have the old stone inlaid in a headstone of the newly-restored Prysten House, and the door in which the stone is laid has been named the Door of Unity.

So Time makes all things easy. It is thus that old unhappy far-off things become sacred memories in the life of the peoples of the world.



## THE LONG TRAIL FROM WALLAROO

105 Days From Australia  
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS ON THE  
OLD WINDJAMMER

Falmouth is still a fine town for the sailing-ships, as it was so long ago, and it was a fine sight for the four-masted barque the Pommern as she came into the harbour with all sails set—105 days out of Australia.

There are still some of them left, these old windjammers which cross the oceans, driven only by the winds that circumnavigate the globe; but nearly all of the remaining big ones make the voyage between Australia and England as cargo boats carrying wheat. One of them was lost some time ago on the West Coast of Africa. The Pommern, which is a Finnish ship commanded by Captain Gramth; the Herzogin Cecilie, which has Captain Eriksson for skipper; and the Favell still keep up their ocean race.

The Pommern left Wallaroo in South Australia on the same day as the Herzogin Cecilie, and beat her by five days and the Favell by ten. She took 40 days to reach Cape Horn.

### Gales of the Horn

Rounding Cape Horn, she met the gales of the Horn. The seas swept her deck of everything movable. That was her last adventure. For sixty days more she had calm weather, and as she neared England the light breeze scarcely filled her sails.

To the sailor in the windjammer the uneventful days are the welcome ones. They leave memories of trade winds humming through the rigging, of the wash of the sea past the bows as regular as breathing, of the tall spars moving like pendulums among the stars at night.

There is a glow in the fore-castle where the men are singing or listening to a concertina on these placid nights in tropic seas, and the flying-fish glance by in the sunlight by day. These and a hundred sights and sounds are the memories which the old shellbacks who sail the seas keep, and they all say that no one can ever truly be a sailor who has not known them.

## PAINTED BEFORE THE FLOOD

Will It Wash?

The first thing a careful housewife asks before she buys anything is:

"Will it wash?"

Perhaps the housewives who lived before the Flood asked the same question.

At any rate, Mr Leonard Woolley has found evidence that seems to point that way. During the excavations near Ur they came, below the level of the distant sea and below the level of the marsh mud and water weeds left by the Flood, to fragments of pottery. Some of it was as thin as eggshell and decorated with black and reddish-brown paint. That pottery was thousands of years old, yet the designs remained when the pottery was cleaned by a scrubbing-brush and water!

Some of us could tell of modern teacups which lose their brightness in a year. The housewives before the Flood must have been stricter than we are.

## THE ARCHBISHOP'S LAST THOUGHT

There have been many eulogies of the late Archbishop Davidson, but we like to think of him best as the man who, blessing his successor in the few last moments of consciousness, murmured: "May God give you judgment."

The dying prelate up to the last was thinking of others, of his Church and of her difficulties. Surely such a prayer as this must be answered.

## A RAGGED MAN CALLS TEN SHILLINGS FOR THE OLD VIC

Paying For the Joy That  
Shakespeare Gives Him  
IS YOUR DEBT PAID?

An adventure befell Miss Lilian Baylis the other day which must have set her quoting "What a piece of work is man! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Miss Lilian Baylis is the manager of the Old Vic Theatre, and has devoted her life to giving the people Shakespeare plays at cheap prices. While critics have scolded West End managers for putting on trash, and they have retorted that the public likes trash, people have been journeying to the Old Vic where old English plays are revived.

### The Fund Growing

There are poor people in North London who cannot afford pennies for a bus to take them to the Old Vic, yet they have as much right to the glory and pity and wit of Shakespeare as other people. So a fund was started to enable North London to have a cheap theatre for great plays. Sadler's Wells is to be North London's Old Vic, and already £71,000 has been collected, chiefly in small sums.

One day an old man came to Miss Baylis saying that he wanted to give something to the fund. He was not just a shabby old man, his clothes were literally in rags. Yet he brought ten shillings.

It was only too plain that he needed the food it would buy, and Miss Baylis did not want to take it, but he begged her to do so. It was some return, he said, for the happiness he had gained from his seat in the gallery of the Old Vic.

### A Magic World

We should like to know the old man's story. Had he known happier times, or had his lot always lain in shabby places? At any rate, this is clear, in old age his life would have been drab and bitter but for the magic world of poetry whose portals were the doors of the Old Vic.

Two little working-girls brought £3, saved from their wages. They, like the old man, had found joy in the things that enchanted Charles and Mary Lamb.

So the world (some of it) pays its debt to the past that has made its present possible. Is our own debt paid? We wonder? At any rate, with due and very great respect to Dean Inge, we cannot believe that there is much wrong with a democracy in which such things as these are possible.

## EARLY LAURELS Our Diana Fishwicks and Alec Buchanans

The Australians may talk of their Boy Bradman and the Americans of their Don Moe, but Britain has a youngster coming on at Tottenham.

His name is Alec Buchanan, and he is the hero of Tottenham County School, at the annual sports of which he won the 100 yards, the 220 yards, the quarter-mile, the half-mile, and the mile.

In addition he ran away with the hurdles and won the long jump with a jump of 19 feet 5 inches, which was a record for the school and before the days of the great C. B. Fry was not often beaten by athletes older than schoolboys.

So, if Great Britain loses an event or two this year, she can be sure that while there are Diana Fishwicks and Alec Buchanans in the land the wreath of laurel is already planted and growing well in readiness for her young men and maidens to wear again.

## SIX FEET SIX Man Who Proclaimed an Empress

Osmond Barnes was a very big baby. He has just died at Ealing at 95, and two stories have been told of him.

One was that when he was christened he was so big, though only a month old, that the clergyman said to the nurse: "Put him down and let him stand."

The other was that when Queen Victoria was made Empress of India Barnes was a colonel and was appointed Chief Herald. He stood six feet six in his stockings. He had to read the Proclamation to the great crowd at Delhi, and while the official picture was being made of the scene he was asked to stand on the steps of the dais instead of on the dais itself, so as not to hide the great people behind him.

So he was painted in the official picture of the Proclamation scene.

### TWO QUEER FAMILIES

Two of the King's gamekeepers were digging on a grouse moor in Aberdeenshire when they came upon a burrow where a vixen and a rabbit had set up house together. There were two fox cubs and four baby rabbits.

It is marvellous to think that a fox, anxious to find food for its mate and young, should spare the rabbit simply because she was a mother and a neighbour. But birds of prey seem to act in the same way. It is only man who can steel his heart.

We should like to think that the mother fox who had spared the young rabbits had her young ones spared in turn; yet we fear it was not likely on a grouse moor.

### THE WILL OF MR FERENS

Mr T. R. Ferens, the Grand Old Man of Hull, who gave away over a million pounds in his life, left his house as a Home of Rest and his grounds as an open space for the people.

For this purpose he bequeathed £50,000. He also left a fund for scholarships, for almshouses, and for Hull University College; and he wished all who received legacies under his will to set apart one-tenth of the income from them for charity or for religious purposes.

### THE DRIVER PASSING BY

The driver of a goods train in Sunderland noticed not long ago that a house near the line was on fire. He tried to attract attention by blowing his whistle but no one took any notice, so he stopped his engine, climbed the embankment into the road, and succeeded in warning the owners of the house.

#### Boy Friend of the Birds

A Worthing boy climbed a 90-foot tree to put back in its nest a young rook that had fallen out.

#### Darby and Joan

One of the pair of cranes known as the Darby and Joan of Kew Gardens has been found drowned in a water butt.

#### Another Gun to Go

The German gun is to be removed from the recreation ground at Shirebrook in Derbyshire.

#### The Beggar's Thousands

It has been made known that a man who died worth £5000 lived as a beggar in a Rowton House in London.

#### A Penny a Whistle

Visitors to an exhibition of engines at Cambridge paid a penny each to blow the whistle of the Flying Scotsman, the money being given to a hospital.

#### Nebuchadnezzar's Temple

A few weeks ago we described the temple at Kish and said it was nearly fifty centuries old. This was an unfortunate slip, for Nebuchadnezzar, who built this temple, reigned about 2500 years ago.

## PLANE THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT POINT DUTY ON THE AIRWAYS

Police Call Upon the Pilot to  
Move On

WHEN THE SLEEPER  
WOKE

Maidstone was awakened one rainy night in May by a roaring that brought people out of their beds.

It was the air-mail from Brussels feeling its way. It had passed once over the town on its way to Croydon, when a rain squall held it up.

The night was so black that a prudent pilot dared not go on. He feared that if he turned back to Lympne aerodrome he would still lose his way. Therefore he decided to keep the friendly lamps of Maidstone's streets below him, and went round and round above the town.

### Flying Low

The good citizens of Maidstone, who had turned over to go to sleep again, began to wonder what was up besides the aeroplane. Usually the zoom of its engines in the night died away as quickly as it came; this night the roar went on and on, for the plane was flying very low, only three hundred feet up.

After three-quarters of an hour of disturbance the inspector at the police station took action. He rang up Croydon Aerodrome asking them what they were going to do about it. Could they not tell the pilot to move on? Croydon did what it could. It wirelessed the pilot, telling him all that was to be told about the weather. But the pilot had all the information that he wanted on the spot. That spot was Maidstone, to which he clung as the safest port in the storm. He was not at all afraid of the policeman below.

### When Dawn Came

Again the policeman tried to move him on, calling up Croydon after another half-hour. But the pilot went on circling. The aeroplane went on roaring. Maidstone gave up sleep as lost. Many people got up to look into it all. The policeman put it down in his notebook.

Not till the dawn came did the air-mail cease its roundabout exercises, and then it flew back to Lympne Aerodrome to wait for better weather. It arrived at Croydon at last five hours behind time.

We hope the good people of Maidstone have not been troubled since, but this strange awakening, recalling the title of the air-romance of Mr H. G. Wells's story *When the Sleeper Wakes*, seems to forecast a day when there will be point policemen along the airways to regulate the traffic of airships that pass in the night.

## THINGS SAID

Which is the way to England, please?

Two boys at sea in a boat

You won't be able to sell a house soon unless it has room for an aerodrome.

Mr Justice Rowlatt

I am a humane person and I do not believe the deer mind being hunted at all.

Sir Dennis Boles

Nowadays many readers are at least as clever as most authors.

Mr Augustine Birrell

There are three times as many horses in London streets as there were three years ago. Chairman of Devon Farmers' Union

A cold May is almost invariably the forerunner of a hot summer.

Rev J. P. Bacon Phillips

I shall never forget that it was a Scout who stood by me on the bridge up to the last moment when my ship was sinking.

Commodore C. A. Bartlett



June 14, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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# AUSTRALIA'S CRICKETERS · LADY B.P. · GIRLS BUILD CHICKEN-HOUSES



W. M. Woodfull



D. C. Bradman



W. H. Ponsford



T. Wall



V. Richardson



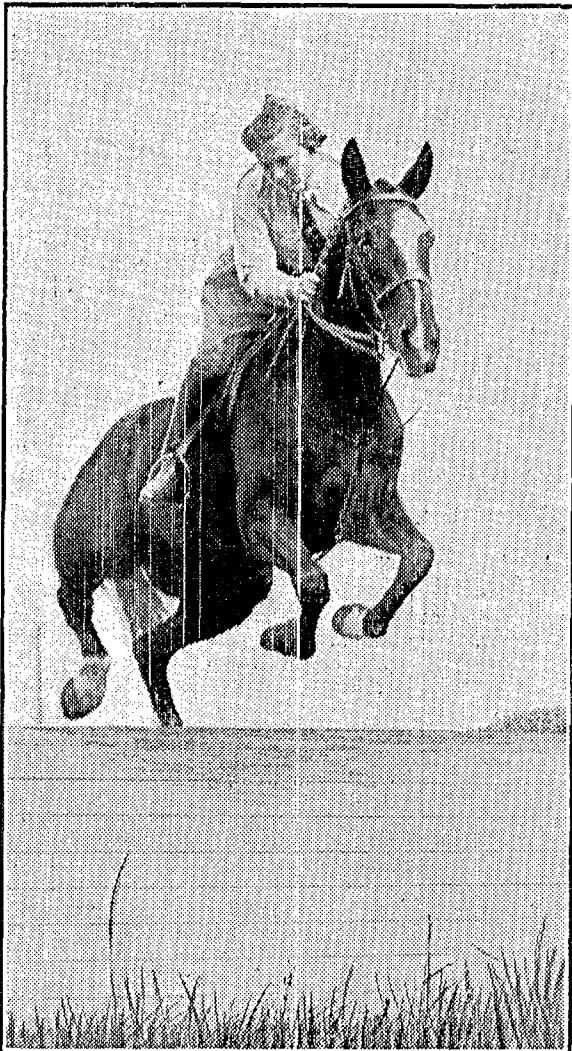
E. A'Beckett



A. Kippax



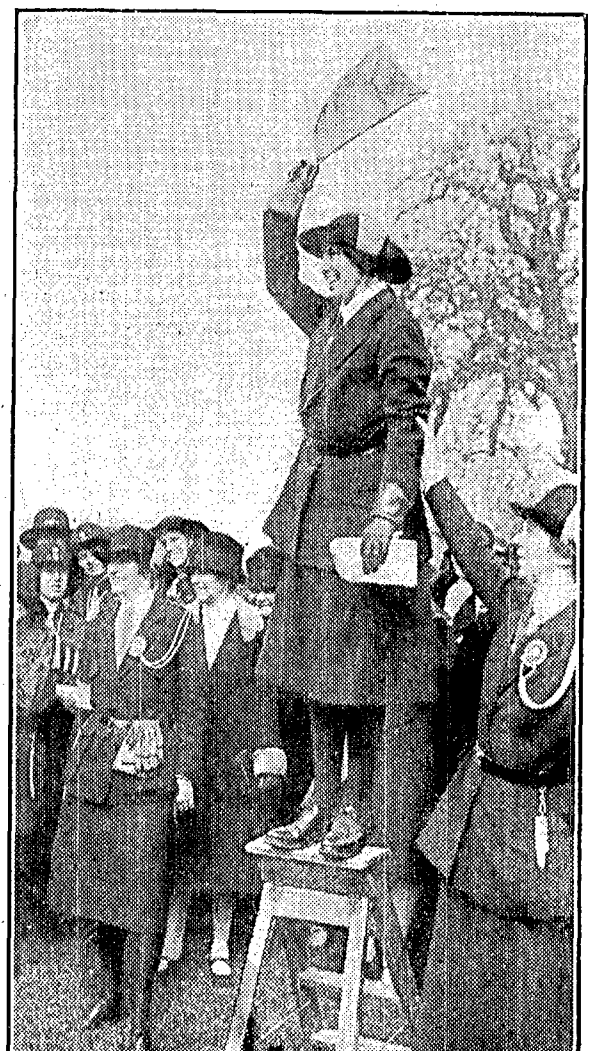
A. Fairfax



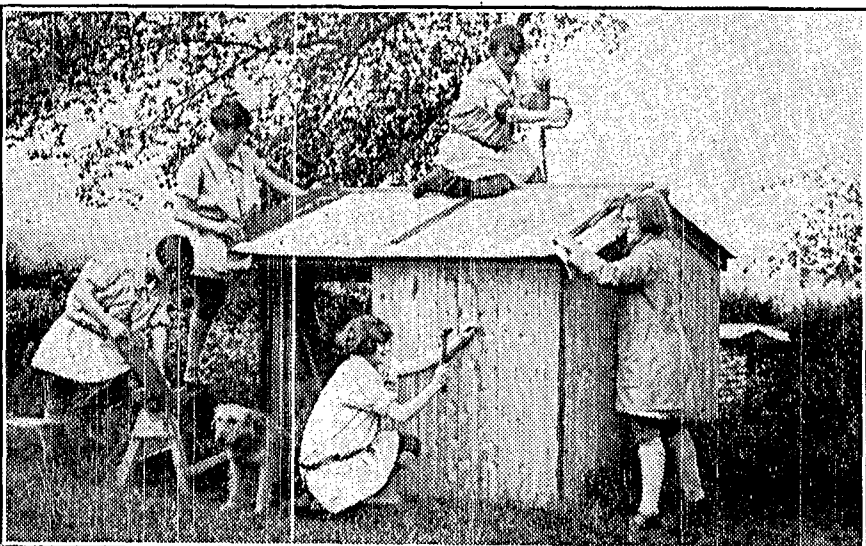
A Good Jump—Miss Dorothy Langston, who with her sister has won hundreds of prizes for riding, is here seen exercising a friend at Amersham in readiness for the pony shows.



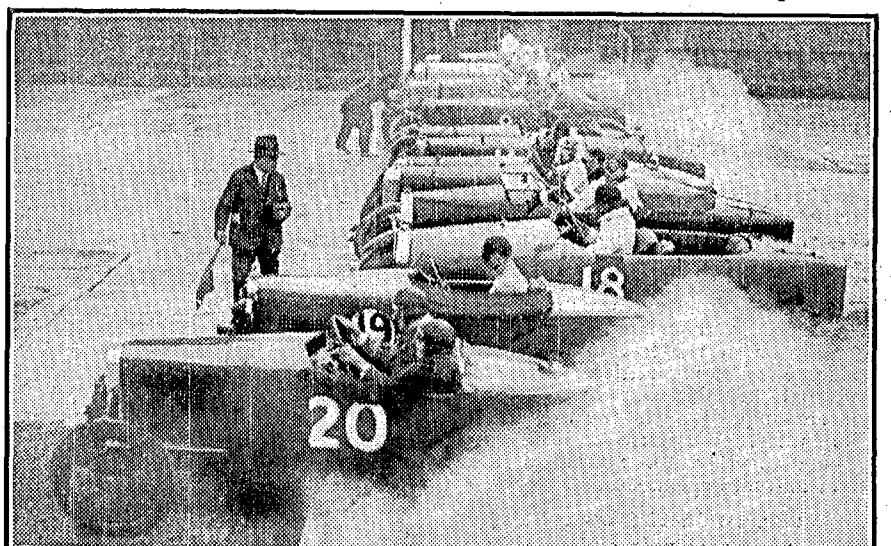
Two Popular Londoners—The chimpanzee tea-party was a popular sight at the Zoo last summer. Here are two of the apes getting used to out-of-door life again.



Lady B.P.—The Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, recently attended a rally of 7000 Surrey Guides at Guildford. In this picture we see her starting one of the team games.



Handy Girls—The girl pupils on a poultry farm at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, are quite efficient carpenters, for part of their training is the building of chicken-houses, as we see here.



The Start of the Race—Brooklands, near Weybridge, which was opened 23 years ago, is still the only racing track for cars in Britain. Here we see cars lined up for the start of a race.



A. Jackson



C. V. Grimmitt



A. Hurwood



P. M. Hornbrook



S. McCabe



W. A. Oldfield



C. W. Walker

The Australian cricketers, who have now been in England several weeks, have had enough experience of English wickets to become dangerous opponents of the best team England can field. The first Test Match begins at Nottingham this week, and all lovers of the greatest of English games will follow with keen interest the struggle between the chosen elevens of England and Australia.



## THE WORLD TOO SMALL FOR QUARRELS

### WHY WASTE OUR POWERS IN STRIFE?

#### The Day When Commercial Civilisation Will Begin

#### WORLD-WIDE INTERESTS

Far too little publicity has been given to the fine address of Sir Oliver Lodge at Friends House not long ago, and we gladly take these passages from it.

Courage, good nature, and heroism are not to be put down to the credit of war; they are to the credit of human nature; and discipline can be exercised for other purposes than mutual extermination. It is the business of society to discipline its youth for active service.

The Boy Scout Movement is a fine effort in that direction, and something like it must develop and grow before we become truly civilised. There is opportunity for service in factory and agriculture, in laboratory and office. There are opportunities for heroism in mines, in exploration, in combating the hostile forces of Nature and the ravages of tropical disease.

#### Battleships and Bombs

When we deplore the awful waste of ingenuity and man-power in battleships and guns and bombs and torpedoes and submarines we are not deploring scientific ingenuity any more than we are decrying the self-sacrifice of men engaged in these unprofitable undertakings. We are only wishing that the same aptitudes, the same powers, the same labour, and the same skill could be expended in more profitable directions, on combating the forces of Nature and improving the conditions of life on this planet.

The world is too small, travel and communication are now too easy, the conditions of life for the majority are too hard, to waste our energies on machinery for destruction and on internecine warfare. Mutual slaughter has had its day and must cease to be.

#### The Ultimate Aim

There was a time when ancient cities fought against each other. It is not so long ago since the Northern States of America were fighting against the South. What was the remedy? A better and more complete system of federation.

That is what we have to keep before our minds as the ultimate aim—the federation of civilised mankind; with local self-government, subject to a supreme system of control in all world-wide issues.

The broad general principle is that national rivalries must cease. National boundaries will not be geographically obliterated; but for travel and trade purposes they should cease to be obstacles. Frontiers are a nuisance. Passports and custom houses are a limitation of the free and open interchange of commodities. Trade is a mutual benefit; and the freer the interchange of goods the better for all humanity. We must learn the art of living together for mutual assistance and mutual dependence.

#### One Another's Customers

Humanity is a unit, and should recognise itself as such; what benefits one benefits all. To put it at its lowest, we are one another's customers. Mr Wells has recently said something like this, that on the day when a man with packages of goods can travel from Paris to Vladivostok as readily and freely as he now travels from New York to San Francisco the era of commercial civilisation will have begun.

Already science has no boundaries; nor have literature and the arts. The works of every genius belong to the whole world, no matter what the accident of his nationality may be.

The planet is all too small for subdivisions and international quarrels.

## A MIDGET GIANT

### Push and Go in a Thumb-Pot

#### WHAT A SEED CAN DO

We have often read in the C.N. of the extraordinary power of vegetation, the strength which enables a tree to split masonry or the force exerted by a mushroom in raising a paving-stone.

One of our grown-up readers has had an exhibition in his own study of the wonderful vigour which animates even the tiny, hair-like streak which a seed first puts forth.

He took a berry from a winter cherry, whose fruit looks like a tiny orange, emptied out the little seeds, dried them, and then placed them in a thumb-pot in roughly-sifted loam.

Nearly three weeks elapsed before anything happened, and it was feared that the seed had been sown too soon to ripen. At last something seemed to be happening to the surface of the soil. A little clod as big as a horse-bean was found to be raised up in the air.

#### The Lifted Boulder

It was lifted off and examined, and proved to contain a pebble the size of a pea, probably as heavy as a hundred or more of the dried cherry seeds. Yet it was up in the air, clear of the surrounding soil, and beneath it the tiniest growth, fine as a hair, was visible!

A seed had germinated and was coming up through the earth, and, finding its way to light barred by a boulder, had calmly lifted it out of the way.

The Atlas Mountains commemorate the god who bore up the heavens with his head and shoulders, but all things were possible to the gods that never were. In actual fact the feat of that struggling seedling in a two-inch flower-pot deserves as great a tribute of admiration as the achievements which existed only in imagination and for ever live in literature.

## SINNING AGAINST BEAUTY

### A Bishop to His People

The Bishop of Southwark, who sat in his cathedral the other day and received £2000 in gifts from his diocese, has been reminding the Church of its sin against Beauty. We pass on these passages from what he said in the newly-restored cathedral, which has been attracting so many visitors of late.

Commercialism was destroying the countryside with jerry-built bungalows, with blatantly vulgar petrol stations, with monstrous advertisements. The demand for swift traffic had ruined hundreds of wooded lanes and turned them into broad and featureless roadways. Pylons were in contemplation which would disfigure country downs, electric power stations were rising which threatened to increase the pall of smoke over our great cities. Local authorities still felt it quite natural that one of the fairest stretches of the Thames bank should be suggested as a suitable site for a sewage farm.

The Church had an unrivalled opportunity of taking the lead in setting a high standard of artistic excellence. The interiors of some of the best of their churches were sometimes half ruined by tasteless colour and inartistic ornaments and furniture. Clumsy and heavy redoses, garish tiles and carpets, pretentious pulpits and ridiculous lecterns, hangings and curtains drab in colour and stamped by machine-made designs, windows with insipid and unreal figures, colours on walls and floors which were in violent discord, cheap and conventional vases and lamps, were found in many of our churches and made persistent progress against the worship of God in beauty as well as in holiness. For their sins against beauty they should sometimes have litanies of penitence.

## INSECTS TO THE RESCUE

### Help For New Zealand's Farmers

#### WAR DECLARED ON RAGWORT AND GORSE

New Zealand farmers have been cheered up by the news that the scientists employed by their Government are getting on quite well with the task of rearing insects to make war on ragwort and gorse, two English plants that have become pests in the Dominion.

Tens of thousands of acres of New Zealand land, especially land that is too hilly or too poor for farming, have become overrun with ragwort, gorse, and blackberry. The wind carries the fluffy ragwort seeds for miles, while the birds help to spread gorse and blackberry seeds.

Now the scientists say that the little cinnabar moth is becoming acclimatised in New Zealand, and the caterpillars that hatch out of its eggs are eating up the ragwort plants. Unfortunately the ragwort has already got a big start, and the moths will have to spread very quickly if they are to supply enough caterpillars to keep the weed in check.

The moths do not fly very far, so farmers are being asked to pick off leaves of the plant on which the moth has laid its eggs and carry them to clumps of the weed, so that when the caterpillars hatch out they will have plenty to eat.

## THE INVENTOR AND HIS IDEAS

### His Very Hard Lot

According to an article in the Inventor one of the most serious of British drawbacks is that invention, the very fount of practical progress, is choked at its start by taxation.

To obtain a patent holding good throughout the British Empire about 25 times as much has to be paid by a British citizen as would be paid by an American citizen for a patent that holds good over all the United States.

For about £20 an American inventor can get protection for a patent for 19 years over an area containing about 120 million people. For 16 years' protection over an area containing 48 million people a British inventor in Great Britain would have to pay £120 in stamp dues. If the British Empire is included the payments must be nearly £500.

No doubt Great Britain, and each other part of the Empire, needs money to carry on its government, but is the strangling of invention at the very beginning, before the invention has reached practical working order, a wise way of raising money?

It seems to be a matter well worth thinking over. Why not have a nominal fee for the protective registration of an invention and a small percentage charge on it when it has proved practically successful?

## BOYS AND BIRDS

This admirable notice is displayed in the playing-field of the Shaftesbury Boys Club at Birkenhead:

*Birkenhead, Liverpool, and all this district is a sanctuary for all birds through the whole year. Everyone visiting this field will, of course, honour this protection.*

The playing-field covers six acres of real country, full of wild life, and the thousand members of this Shaftesbury Club consider it a point of honour to protect all living things.

We hear that a yellow-green parrot has frequented the field during the past few years and has been an object of much interest.

## NAPOLEON'S TOMB

### Not To Be Opened

#### FRAGMENTS OF HIS BODY IN LONDON

Every year the French Government receives applications for permission to open the coffin of Napoleon in its red granite tomb. It has now become necessary for the authorities to issue notice that in no circumstances will such a request be granted.

Scientists, historians, and doctors are among the applicants; some of them desiring to examine the great man's head, some to examine the organs to see whether it is true that Napoleon died from cancer.

The answer as to the cause of death has been finally given by one of the greatest surgeons in the world, Lord Moynihan, who five years ago announced that he had examined the vital organs of the dead emperor and found that there was absolutely no trace of cancer.

This agrees entirely with the verdict of the English doctor at St Helena who carried out a post-mortem examination of the remains.

#### Never On English Soil

The death of Napoleon was due to chronic ulceration of the stomach.

It is odd that, though he who so long planned to enter England as a victorious invader, and when defeated begged to be allowed to live here in retirement, never set foot on English soil. Parts of his body are now in London among the relics of the Royal College of Surgeons. They were formerly in the private museum of Sir Astley Cooper, a great surgeon of the nineteenth century, and were presented, with the remainder of his collection at his death, to the Royal College of Surgeons.

Napoleon lay for nearly twenty years in his grave at St Helena; then, ninety years ago, his body was borne with great pomp across the ocean and finally buried in a lordly tomb in Paris.

For two minutes the chief men of France looked upon the body in the coffin which had crossed the sea, made from an English mahogany table. Then the remains were enclosed in six coffins, one of zinc, one of mahogany, two of lead, one of ebony, and one of oak, and it is never again likely to be disturbed.

## A COLONY OF SKYLARKS

### Few and Far in Canada

Although Canadian children learn many verses about skylarks few of them have seen or heard this lovely bird.

There is said to be only one colony of larks on the continent of North America, and that is to be found near the city of Victoria. Here the birds are quite plentiful and are making themselves happy in their Canadian home.

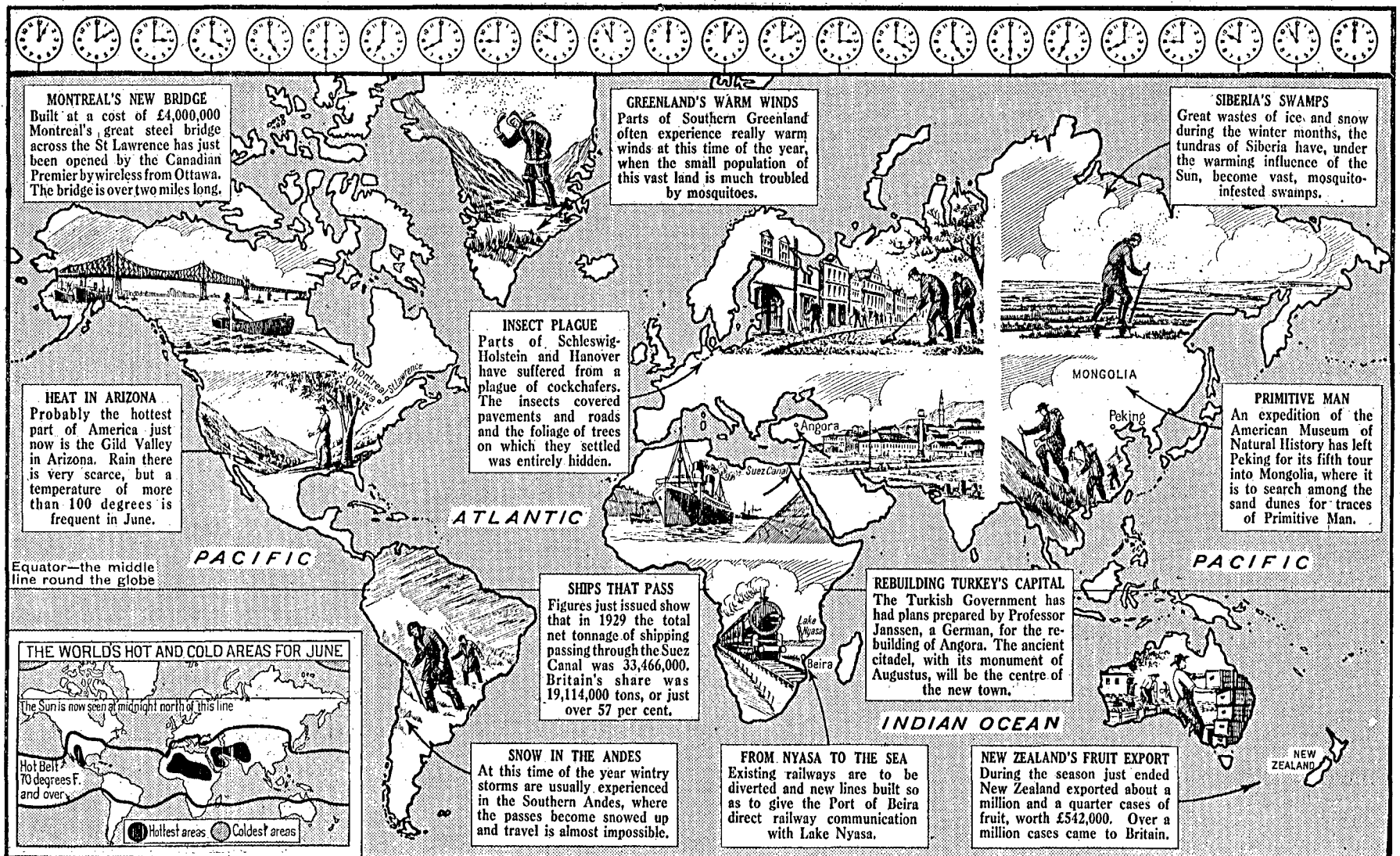
Is it because the climate of that part of the continent so nearly approaches that of their homeland, we wonder, or is it because there are so many English people in Victoria that the larks feel so much at home there?

Canadians who live in the eastern part wish the skylarks would go there and multiply as rapidly as the English sparrow and starling have done. They have one bird, however, which excites the admiration and wonder of all English visitors, and that is the ruby-throated humming-bird.

These living jewels flash from flower to flower in the hot sunshine, and though they are very shy they can be coaxed to sip sugar syrup from tiny coloured bottles fastened among the vines of a verandah. Although they spend the winter months away in Central America they return every spring as surely as if they had a wing-spread of three feet instead of three inches.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## TOURISTS IN FRANCE

### A Warning to Hotel Keepers

France is trying hard to remove the causes of complaint which have led to a falling-off in the number of visitors during the last year or two, and the Government has recently appointed an Under-Secretary of State to attract as many tourists as possible.

Many complaints have been received from Americans about the vexatious regulations concerning identity cards and the taxes imposed on passengers embarking and disembarking at French ports, as well as the high prices demanded by some hotel keepers.

The National Office of Tourism has just published a handbook giving a list of hotels with the prices the proprietors have agreed to charge, together with a severe warning that in the event of the discovery of overcharges the name of the hotel will be struck off the list and will never again be allowed to appear in the book.

Tourists who feel constrained to complain are asked to write to the National Office of Tourism.

## THE GUARDIAN OF DIPLOMATS

A famous figure in Washington is Sergeant Jock Lamont. He belongs to the Canadian Mounted Police but is detailed for service at the Canadian Legation, and he never fails to create as much interest as the notables he escorts in his red tunic with its long row of ribbons.

The award of his third stripe, an event of recent occurrence, has been deemed of sufficient importance to be noticed in every big newspaper in the country, together with all the particulars of his varied career—his start in the London Metropolitan Police, his four-years war service, his exciting years in the Arctic, and his ten years of strenuous service in the most famous pioneering police force in the world.

## THE SEAPRO

### A Fish Factory on the Sea

A very unusual boat has just sailed for the South-West Africa coast. It is a vessel of five thousand tons, and until it was converted for its present purpose it used to carry pilgrims in the East.

There is a wonderful variety of fish in the South African waters, but many of them are not fit to eat. This vessel, the Seapro, will not neglect any of them, for it contains a factory which will turn fish quite unfit for food into other useful things. Much of the fish will be converted by special machines into food for cattle, pigs, and poultry.

The oil useful for medicines will be extracted from the livers of some fish, while the oil from other kinds of fish will be sold for chemical purposes. Some of the fish will be converted into fertilisers, and from other fish albumen will be extracted by a chemical plant.

There is a cold storage department for keeping fish which can be used for the table in good condition.

A small fleet of motor-boats accompanies the vessel. The Seapro is the first vessel of its kind, and is creating great interest in the fishing industry.

## VILLAGE CRUSADERS IN MEXICO

The State of Vera Cruz has organised a great moral crusade.

Professor Gabriel Lucio, director of Normal Schools of the State, is in charge of it. Sixty-two boys and girls from the normal schools and a number of boy and girl pupils from the schools for teachers will visit every village throughout the State, be it never so small, to preach against alcohol, gambling, and brutal sports. For the good of the village folks the boys will organise baseball teams, basket-ball teams, football elevens, and other healthy sports, and they will also deliver practical lectures on small home industries, and give valuable information to growers of vegetables and to gardeners.

## HOSPITABLE GREECE

### Military Escort for the Milk

A pleasant tale is told of Grecian hospitality by a pilgrim to Delphi.

A foreign lady had gone to Delphi, where a festival of Greek plays was being held, and on returning to her lodging very late at night she asked for some hot milk.

She could not have it, she was told, because the fires were out. But after a while a saucepan of steaming milk arrived under military escort.

A famous Greek scholar had heard her vain request and had asked the Chief of Police what to do. A lady had come all the way from England for love of Greek art, and she must not go to bed cold and hungry!

The Chief of Police roused up a café keeper, made him light a fire and milk a goat, and sent the lady her supper.

The Englishman who tells the tale speaks truly when he calls Greece a gracious land.

## CROSSING THE ROAD

### The Kerb Step

The traffic problem is probably quite as acute in Paris as it is in London, but it is stated that there are fewer casualties to pedestrians in the French capital.

Possibly the fear of incurring a fine for crossing a street when the traffic is not held up by a policeman has made the public more prudent, though such fines are rarely inflicted. But, however that may be, a Paris journalist who happened to be on the Boulevard St Michel the other day saw a group of English schoolgirls marching along the pavement in single file, and noticed that when they stopped to cross to the other side of the street they drew up in line facing the kerb and at a word of command boldly marched across abreast.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed. "We are always learning, and it is the foreigner who is always astonishing us."

## ZOO'S COUNTRY HOME

### Getting On

It is hoped that the new Country Home of the Zoo will come into use this year, though many years must pass before it can fulfil the plan made for it of becoming a wild national park.

It is intended that here, at Whipsnade Park, in Bedfordshire, as at Groote Schuur, the old estate of Cecil Rhodes at Cape Town, animals may range unfettered in great enclosures. The enclosures are marked out at Whipsnade.

Already a large triangular paddock, outlined on one side by a deep-railed ditch and on the others by woods, is being got ready to form the first home for bears.

Ten other enclosures will be made in time and laid out in such a way as not to spoil the beauties of the surrounding fields and hills and woods. That time is not yet. But by the summer some of the paddocks will be partly stocked and visitors will find when they enter the park through the fine new gates and by its broad avenue that they can see a country zoo.

It will be only at its beginning this summer. It will be little more than a menagerie, not yet to be compared with the great Zoo in Regent's Park. But nearly every branch of the Zoo's kingdom will send one or more representatives.

Any animal in need of rest and a change of air will be sent to the Whipsnade Country Home to recuperate.

## THE BROKEN STONE

Following the trail of a recent gale through the wooded country behind Penzance, a trail lamentably marked by fallen and broken trees, a most astonishing thing was seen.

A huge tree which had had its roots firmly embedded in a great granite boulder had been attacked by the wind with such persistence that it had fallen, breaking the rock in two, the lower portion of the rock being still firmly fixed in the ground.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 14

1930

## We Must Like One Another

THE true path to peace is to be found in recognising the good qualities of all peoples.

It is with nations as with families. The love a man has for his own children and the love a child has for its own parents do not lead them to dislike other families. On the contrary, the affection we have for those nearest to us enables us to appreciate the bonds existing in other families and to understand and respect the characters of other people.

We know that this is true also of dogs. If we have a dog our affection for one particular member of the canine family helps us to appreciate all the others, and we find that we have a friendly word for a stranger dog.

And, as other families differ in looks and ways from our own families, so foreigners differ from us. But these differences do not make them less likeable, but more so. It is rarely that travellers in foreign lands do not learn to like and to respect their peoples.

Too often the people of one country allow themselves to believe that they are altogether superior to the people of other countries, and this belief is liable to very rude shocks. But a difference is not the same thing as an inferiority. It would be strange indeed if a people inhabiting one part of the world were found to be superior to all other peoples. It is not likely ever to be true, and it never has been true. What always is true is that aptitudes, skill, intelligence, genius, are widely distributed, and that at different times different nations gain the palm of excellence. In some things, as in music, there are subtle differences between nations which add delightfully to the whole world's enjoyment through varying degrees and qualities of genius.

If it is absurd to pretend that the people of one nation are better than the rest, how much more absurd it is to claim proud national qualities for potatoes or barn-door fowls! We have seen it asserted that a British potato is the best in the world, but every child knows that potatoes are entirely foreign in origin, and the attempt to create prejudice against a foreign vegetable is to make patriotism ridiculous.

The fact is that all men belong to one family. So far from deploring our differences we should rejoice in them as adding to the variety and charm of life. If we could all see things from this point of view we should no more think of going to war than of making war on a brother. We can love our own people first, and next to them all other peoples, for all are our human fellows, with whom are bound up for ever our own destinies.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Vast Spaces of Beauty

WE talk a great deal of the beauty that is passing from the countryside, but we imagine that it remains true that no equal area in the world has vast spaces of beauty like ours.

What ride could equal a ride through Edenbridge to East Grinstead and on into Balcombe Woods, with the long lines of beeches and the wonderful Saxon church of Worth thrown in? Where in all the world is such a sight as Cobham Park in Kent, with its famous rhododendrons, probably unequalled anywhere? If we would see such sights in smaller spaces and nearer London every one of us can stand and stare at the glory of Hyde Park, or the tulips of Birdcage Walk, or that superb spectacle of Dulwich Park, which is too beautiful for words.

The truth is that there is still enough beauty left in this little land to justify the energy of every man in saving it. Ill will it be for our fame in the days to come if we allow Parliament to babble of smaller things while all this beauty perishes before our eyes.



The Three Friends

This is one of the hundreds of cartoons inspired in America by the Naval Treaty.

## Socrates and Marconi

By Dr Nansen

Dr Nansen, talking to the students of St Andrews University as their Lord Rector, imagined the following dialogue between Socrates and Marconi.

SOCRATES, after having seen all the inventions, would say: This is all very interesting, but what have you learned about yourself?

MARCONI: But do you not see what enormous importance it has for the whole of human life, for business, for economic development, to be able to convey information quickly?

SOCRATES: But how has it all helped you? Have you become a better man by it? And then, if it helps some people, perhaps others suffer.

MARCONI: But look at the broadcasting, which brings beautiful music and good lectures to thousands and even to millions of people.

SOCRATES: How, then, do these people get time for that which is infinitely more important, to think for themselves?

## Harriet Educates Her Mistress

HERE is a true story of an old servant. Harriet is over eighty, and for years has adopted a protective and slightly patronising attitude to her mistress of seventy. She beckoned her one day and said in a voice in which pride could hardly be kept back:

*I know what electricity is now!*

Oh, really! said her mistress.

Yes; I've been told!

What is it, Harriet? besought her mistress, who is one of the cleverest women in London.

*You get it from a plant!*

From a plant?

Yes. They wouldn't tell me which; that's a secret!

And Harriet, as she spoke, threw a glance of inquiry at the lovely cineraria blooming on the table.

## Tip-Cat

NEWSPAPERS are said to be a necessity. But they soon get into trouble if they know no law.

As a nation we are more prosperous than we think. Few of us are so thoughtful as we should be.

CRICKETERS are described as humble folk. Proud to be just good average men.

THE blue pencil is said to have done as much for literature as black ink. Readers of some books think it should have done more.

CLEVER women, we are told, can be clever without letting anyone know it. Not to be clever without letting anyone know it would be cleverer.

MOST of us, according to a speaker, have something of the flunkéy in us. But none of us likes to be kept waiting.

THE average intelligence in Britain is said to be going down. Whoever is taking it, it can't be the lift-boy.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown man left three thousand pound notes at the Baptist Mission House in London.

A SOUTH AFRICAN lady has left £130,000 to enable young South Africans to go to Cambridge.

A BIRMINGHAM business man has offered £100,000 for a new hospital.

A BROWNIE's brick from the East End has a place of honour in the Girl Guide G.H.Q.

## A Child's Hymn for the Close of the Week

BEFORE Thy footstool, God of truth,  
A humble child bows down,  
To thank Thee for the joys of youth,  
And errors all to own.

I KNOW Thou art the fountain-head  
Whence all my blessings flow;  
But all Thy glory and Thy good  
I dare not seek to know:

WHETHER Thy way is on the wind,  
The pathway of the storm;  
Or on the waste of waters wide,  
Which rolling waves deform.

BUT this I know—by flood or wild,  
Thou seest me night and day,  
And grieve'st o'er the wayward child  
That goes from Thee astray.

THROUGH all this week Thy kindly sway  
Has round me been for good;  
At task or play, by night or day,  
In wilderness or wood.

AND when I lay me down to sleep  
Thy guardian shield be spread;  
And angels of Thy presence keep  
A watch around my bed.

O TEACH me to adore Thy name,  
For all Thy love to me;  
Thy guardian goodness to proclaim,  
Thy truth and verity!

AND through the darkness of the night  
Watch o'er my thoughts that stray,  
And lift mine eyes upon the light  
Of a new Sabbath Day.

FOR all Thy blessings showered around  
My kindred and my race,  
I bless Thee, Lord; but most of all  
For riches of Thy grace.

FOR peace of mind, and health of frame,  
And joys—a mighty store,  
Accept my thanks, and to Thy name  
Be glory evermore! James Hogg

## Whatever the Weather

When the weather is wet,  
We must not fret;  
When the weather is dry  
We must not cry;  
When the weather is cold  
We must not scold;  
When the weather is warm  
We must not storm;  
But be thankful together  
Whatever the weather.

## The Cottage Homes

The cottage homes of England!  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves;  
And fearless there the lowly sleep  
As the birds beneath their eaves.

Felicia Hemans



## THE NEW SORT OF UNDERGROUND LIKE A FAIRY TALE COME TRUE

Science Carries the Sunshine  
Into Dark and Hidden Places

### AN OLD MYSTERY

A fairy tale has come true at Windsor. A cellar has been prepared with soil at Cumberland Lodge, and two ultra-violet ray lamps have been hung from the ceiling.

Nothing will grow in an ordinary cellar except fungus or a few sickly, colourless shoots, because plants need sunshine as much as human beings need food. But under the ultra-violet ray lamps flowers blossom in brilliant hues and fruit ripens quickly.

How lucky are Lord and Lady Fitzalan, the owners of Cumberland Lodge, who can say on a dismal November day: "It is too wet to go out. Let us go to the Underground Garden and bask in the sunlight!"

### What the Farmer Saw

There are said to be only three such gardens in existence. But there are old people in the smallest villages of Wales who know better.

According to them a farmer used to throw water away at his back door. One day a tiny man appeared and asked the farmer "Why do you throw dirty water down my chimney?"

The farmer said he had never played such a practical joke on anyone. Then the ground under his feet became transparent, and he saw a fair country beneath it, with a little house just below his back door, so that the water he threw away must drip down its chimney.

If there are houses underground there must be gardens. Apparently the fairies discovered ultra-violet ray lamps long ago and kept it dark. Mr Arthur Rackham could make a delicious picture of goblin engineers fitting up the underworld with those elfin lanterns known to the gardener as Cape gooseberry seeds.

### Science and the Nurseryman

As we read of the Underground Garden it almost seems as if science has succeeded where generations of skilled nurserymen have failed.

The ultra-violet rays seem to convert the atmosphere of the cellar into a climate over which the Sun himself might be presiding. All the properties of fruit and bloom which should be derived from the Sun are gained from the rays.

It was certainly known that the application of these rays produced on certain foods the beneficial effects of vitamins, but it has remained for the Underground Garden to prove that light from such lamps is as effective in respect of vegetation.

### Fruit and Flowers in Winter

It may be that an old mystery is solved. The ordinary nurseryman can give us summer flowers in winter, strawberries at Christmas, and tomatoes three months before their time; but even he with all his skill has been helpless unless he has had good light to flood his greenhouses.

Even with fair winter light and a temperature nearly 80 degrees in his houses the nurseryman has never succeeded in making his forced strawberries very sweet. He can get size, colour, and perfume, a strawberry larger and finer in appearance than any grown in the open; but sweetness he cannot get. Forced strawberries at 30s a pound are brilliant table decorations for a banquet, but they are not a sweet dessert; sugar comes from sunlight.

If the violet rays can convert a murky cellar into a garden of flowers and fruit, the one with fragrance the other with sweetness, then the old problem is solved. But shall we be able to afford it?

## THE BABY ON THE RAFT

CENSUS takers meet with some curious experiences. An official in America, where they have just been numbering the people again, came across a very strange bit of history that is well worth making a note of. The conversation he records runs like this.

Name? *Thomas Kyle.*  
Birthplace? *Atlantic Ocean.*  
Nationality? *Unknown.*  
Parentage? *Unknown.*

It sounds impossible. A baby left on a doorstep might grow up knowing nothing of his parentage, but one who knew he was born at sea must know more, the official thought.

But he was wrong.

A ship was crossing the Atlantic when the look-out sighted a raft with something on it. A boat was lowered and the sailors were amazed to find a baby wrapped in a blanket and lashed securely

to the raft. Others had doubtless clung to the raft till the waves washed them away.

The sailors brought the shipwrecked baby back to their own vessel, and the doctor said the infant was only about four days old.

Among the passengers were a tender-hearted couple who could not bear to think of the waif being sent to a work-house. They adopted him and gave him their name.

It is odd to think that we on shore hardly dare let our babies face an east wind, and that this one braved the Atlantic Ocean unharmed. It is tragic to think that he knows nothing of those who died in order that the only piece of rope they possessed should be used to lash him to the raft in safety.

Surely no one, in real life or in fiction, ever began life more adventurously.

## SUMMER COMES TO LONDON



The beautiful gardens of the Temple, close to the C.N. office, attract many visitors during the summer months. In this picture two little people are admiring a rhododendron in full bloom.

## A WINDOW FIFTY YEARS AGO

*For oft when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye,  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils.*

"WHAT a beautiful scarf that is!" said the little grey-haired lady, and the Country Girl put it into her hands. "It reminds me of Ashdown Forest in the autumn," said the Country Girl, "with the beeches and the oaks and the bracken all different golds."

"It reminds me," said the grey-haired lady, "of a window I saw in London many, many years ago. It lives with me as the daffodils lived with Wordsworth. It was a dismal November day and London was at its worst. You know what that means! Greyness and gloom. All at once I came upon a big

shop window dressed with materials of every shade of gold, from primrose to beech. To look at it was to feel as if the Sun had come out."

"I remember," said the white-haired lady.

"Why, of course, you were with me, Auntie," said the grey-haired lady.

"Was it long ago?" asked the Country Girl.

"Yes. Let me see, we left London before I was fifteen; why, Auntie, it must be nearly fifty years ago."

The white-haired lady, who is 80, replied: "Yes, but I can see that window yet. It was So-and-So's in Regent Street."

We should like to feel that the man who dressed that window could know that its beauty was a joy to last for fifty years.

## A SKY GOD JOINED BY HIS SON

### PLUTO IN THE HEAVENS

English Lady's Name Chosen  
for the New World

### PROMOTING THE KING OF DARKNESS

The wheel of fortune has indeed come full circle. Pluto, king of the Underworld, to whom never temple or altar was raised by his worshippers, has been exalted to the skies and joins the company of pagan gods the Romans adored.

In other words the new planet, discovered far out in space beyond Neptune 45 times as far from the Sun as the Earth is, has been officially named Pluto, in keeping with the practice of naming the planets after the Latin gods.

The name will bring great pleasure to an English lady, for it was suggested by her at a breakfast-table on the very morning after the discovery was announced. The lady, whose suggestion thus fixes a name in astronomy for all time is Miss Venetia Burney, and the idea came to her in conversation with her grandfather, whose brother suggested the names Deimos and Phobos for the satellites of Mars. The name Pluto was sent to Lowell Observatory by Professor H. H. Turner and accepted.

### Wit and Paradox

There is wit in the title; also there is a paradox. The new planet has been for millions of years sailing the far heavens, completing a journey round the Sun every 300 years, but, so far as is known, man has never seen it until this year.

As far as human knowledge is concerned it has been in outer darkness, a Pluto of celestial space, so it is named after the Roman god of darkness. According to the beliefs of classical paganism Pluto is the son of Saturn, whose least amiable habit was to devour his own children. Really he was Time, which seems to consume all things.

Pluto, having the good fortune to remain uneaten, inherited his father's kingdom, with his brothers Jupiter and Neptune. They divided the world in religious fictions as Augustus, Mark Antony, and Lepidus did in reality divide it after the assassination of Caesar. Jupiter had the skies, Neptune the seas, and Pluto all that was under the Earth, the realms of darkness. When he seized Proserpine for his bride he carried her to the nether regions, whence she was permitted to return for six months every year into the joy of daylight.

### The Coming of Spring

Actually the legend gives poetic form to the lovely idea of spring in the person of the divine Proserpine returning to the Earth each year after the joyless season of winter, winter being embodied in the person of Pluto.

Pluto was worshipped in fear, without love. He had no shrine. The sad cypress and other growths of supposed ill omen were his emblems, and he was imagined as presiding at funerals and other occasions of woe.

The Romans believed that their gods, when their condition was changed, passed from their accustomed haunts to fill certain places in the sky, just as the comet which appeared after the death of Caesar was supposed to be his angry spirit flaming through the heavens.

### A New Name on the Map

Pluto was too terrible, as the brooding spirit of outer darkness, for the Latin imagination to exalt to the skies; but the astronomers of our own age honour the old custom, and bring a new name into the map of the heavens, that of the god of darkness as the style of the ancient planet which has come into the light of human perception.

Pluto may give himself a pat on the back on ranking equal at last with his old celestial friends Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.



## SO PEACE MAKES ITS WAY

### Hungary Thinks of France

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Gradually the cause of peace is gaining ground everywhere.

Wherever we look we see men busily building up ramparts of sanity and goodwill against the bitter waters of hatred that not so long ago threatened to submerge all. Peninsulas of loving-kindness are thrown out by people of heart and imagination, and little islands of friendliness are raised out of the deep, islands which, we may all hope, will some day join on to the solid mainland.

Such a friendly little island was created the other day in Budapest when representatives of the literary, artistic, and dramatic world united to give a performance at the Opera House in aid of the sufferers from the floods in France.

#### Famous Contributors

In the presence of the Regent and a distinguished gathering which filled the house from top to bottom famous Hungarian writers, composers, and actors gave of the best their art has produced till the evening became like a gorgeous sampler lovingly worked by expert hands. So many and so generous were the contributors that the programme stretched from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

There were speeches in French for the benefit of such French visitors as might be present, and there was grateful remembrance of the time, eighty years ago, when there had come financial help from France to alleviate the distress of the inundated areas in Hungary. But not once, during all the evening, was the slightest allusion made to the bitter enmity that had raged between the two countries.

## THE SILENT WHEEL

### Wood Instead of Steel

A new wheel is to be tried on London's Underground railways. Like the wheels of the bullock wagons in India or Northern Spain, it is to be made of a disc of wood.

But this disc is of a kind very different from that which has revolved in the East for thousands of years and often consists of two halves bound roughly together. It is made in layers of spruce wood, each of which is comprised of six or more sectors of a circle. Each layer is laid on top of the one below.

There are other devices in building-up this wheel disc such as are employed in building a split-cane fishing-rod. The intention is the same in both—to give lightness, strength, and endurance to the finished work.

It may seem hardly possible that, whatever ingenuity in building the disc is used, the wooden wheel could compare with steel. But it is certainly lighter.

If it stays it will revolve; and its revolutions will cause much less noise than those of the steel wheels. Londoners will be glad to know of anything which diminishes the noise of their noisy town, but it is overground rather than underground that they would soonest seek peace and quietness.

If only wheels, like the children of the Victorian Age, could be taught to be seen and not heard!

But that seems as unlikely as that the Age of Steel—and Rubber—should go back to the Age of Wood.

#### SAID IN AMERICA

By the New York Times

Even for ourselves, as well as for Europe, it might be said that the League of Nations has become indispensable, and that if it did not exist it would have to be invented.

By the Brooklyn Eagle

Ten years under League of Nations leadership has accomplished much. The next decade will make still farther contributions to mankind's greatest cause.

## A WINDOW IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

### Why Not Use It?

Here is an idea for a Brighter London. We pass it on to the trustees of the National Gallery.

The National Gallery has no way of putting its goods into the shop window, so that of the millions who pass by not one in a thousand knows what it has to show.

When Gainsborough's Blue Boy was exhibited there a year or two ago, and the newspapers told people it was there, thousands flocked in who had never been inside before.

The Wilton Diptych was almost as successful. Everybody wanted to see it because they had been told it was worth seeing.

The National Gallery has scores of treasures as famous or as beautiful, and some of them all finer than anything at the Italian Art Exhibition, which had a hundred times as many visitors a day as the National Gallery ever has.

If one of these noble works of art could be put in a National Gallery window for everyone to see, many would pass in who now pass by.

It might be changed once a week, so that even if the passers-by were too lazy to mount the steps they would in time be given some acquaintance with a beautiful thing.

## SCHOOL BOOKS

### Could We Have Them for the Empire?

The Toronto Board of Trade is proposing to the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire that there should be an interchange of school books throughout the Empire, so that they may be reviewed by authorities and their inaccuracies corrected.

It is not an easy matter to keep up to date with published geography where a country is rapidly developing its resources. Take the population question. Rivalry in size between towns is a very live topic as between, say, Toronto and Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver, Halifax and St John, Calgary and Edmonton in Canada; and the race is often in estimates, not in census returns. Some of these cities have quadrupled their population in 20 years.

Forms of industry change rapidly. Grazing lands become largely arable; manufactures develop; minerals are worked; fruit-growing prospers; railways introduce new conditions; motor-ing and wireless bring social changes. School books should only be written by people who have seen these developments, and then should be revised at reasonable intervals. Even so it would not be easy to eradicate from young minds the impressions produced by the stupid falseness of the American film to any sort of ordinary life.

## THE EAT-MORE-FISH TRAIN

French housewives are to have the opportunity of learning all the secrets concerned with the preparation of tasty fish dishes and the cooking of homely ones.

The French State railways have inaugurated a fish train, composed of five carriages and a luggage van, which will visit all the important towns from Paris in the north to Bordeaux in the south-west. Lengthy stops will be made so that people may visit the train and see its interesting exhibits.

The first three carriages contain a collection of all kinds of sea fish; in the fourth are the refrigerating apparatus and the latest appliances for the cold storage of fish.

The fifth carriage has been fitted up as a restaurant and kitchen. Here lessons will be given by expert cooks, and visitors may eat on the spot or take away with them dishes prepared before their eyes.

## THE TAXI-MAN

### Why Not Be Thankful?

Is it not time our taxi-men learned to say Thank you?

We have had many experiences of late which lead us to believe this story sent to The Times by an Australian visiting London.

It seems quite exceptional for a taxi-man to be thankful for sixpence, and much too usual for him to mistake the figures on the meter.

I am visiting London after an almost unbroken spell of 50 years in Australia. I am an Englishman and am pleased with and proud of my countrymen so far as I have met them, except that I am utterly ashamed of the taxi-drivers in London, three of whom in less than a week have attempted to take me down by telling me what my fare is and keeping the meter facing toward them. In every case I have been asked to pay more than double the fare shown by the meter.

It would be very much appreciated, I am sure, if you exposed this practice and warned visitors to London to insist upon seeing the taxi-meter before paying the fare.

## SAILORS ARE NOT SO STUPID

Sailors are supposed to be very stupid where horses are concerned. There are stories of a gallant seaman, offered a mount by a friend, inquiring which end you steer with!

Of course that is all nonsense, and Leading-Stoker G. Hodge of H.M.S. Elizabeth has just made the fact plain.

The other day a horse bolted in Portsmouth and crashed into the level-crossing in Edinburgh Road just as a goods train was passing through. Hodge saw what was coming and, running to the animal's head, pulled it clear of the train.

It was only slightly injured, thanks to him, but the gates were wrecked.

Now we hope we have heard the last of the legend that sailors do not know one end of a horse from the other.

## THE MONEY SPENT ON ST PAUL'S

It has just cost roundly a quarter of a million pounds to restore St Paul's, and it is interesting to recall that it cost only three times as much as this to build it.

Sir Christopher Wren received for his great work a fee of £200 a year, and as he drew this for 36 years he received £7200, which was only about one per cent of the cost of the building. We have to remember that money bought much more in those days, and that probably Wren's £200 a year would be represented now by a fee of about £1200. The clerk of the works got only £2 a week.

## SHUTTING THE GATE OF AMERICA

The condition of employment in the United States has led the Senate to pass a Bill cutting down immigration from Europe to 80,000 a year. Previous legislation had already reduced the number to 150,000.

This is very remarkable when we reflect that before the war Europeans flocked to America by the million and were gladly welcomed.

The present rate of increase in the American population is between one and two millions a year, and the population today is probably 124 millions.

## IRELAND'S YOUNG MEN

Home Rule has not had the effect of slackening the tide of emigration from Ireland. Southern Ireland continues to decrease in population, and Ulster is annually sending abroad 12,000 young people between 20 and 25. It is pointed out to us also that Ulster spends on alcohol £5,000,000 a year, and there is, of course, additional indirect spending arising from this expenditure.

## THE ANCIENT PEOPLE OF KENYA

### Descendants of a Great Race

Once more there is something new out of Africa. Sir Arthur Keith has had surprising things to tell the Royal College of Surgeons of the old people and the modern in that continent.

Bringing together the discoveries of many learned men he is able to say that the ancestors of the former natives of Kenya were not Negroes. There has been an enormous extension of the Negro races in Africa, but the original people of Kenya were Hamitic; supposed to be descended from Ham, one of the sons of Noah. They had fine features, in common with other Jewish peoples. These ancient Kenya folk had resemblances to an ancient European people, the Cromagnons, and both were tall and well proportioned, with long heads and big brains, and when Cromagnon man was a power in Europe the Hamitic peoples were the wonder-men of Africa.

One of the surprises of modern research, says Sir Arthur Keith, is the discovery that the men of the Old Stone Age, who hunted with rough, primitive implements of stone before the refined art of the New Stone Age had come into existence, were men of unexpected development of brain and body. Those men were the forefathers of civilisation.

## THE SLUMS

### Bristol's Interesting Report

In many parts of Great Britain excellent work is being done in grappling with the slum question, but there is not, as far as we are aware, any comprehensive report. There should be such a report, to recognise competent local government, shame the inert, and inform the public generally of progress.

Bristol has done this publicity work for itself in a very attractive way. Its Housing Committee has got out a summary of its doings during the last eleven years in booklet form. It gives a useful summary of recent housing legislation, and shows how Bristol has responded to the various opportunities it has had. Plans and pictures of clearance schemes, building estates, and houses of different types are included, with prices of land, cost of building, and arrangements for rent.

In this report Bristol has done more than inform its citizens of what is being done on their behalf; it has given a stimulus to the exchange of such knowledge between other places.

## HOW TO MAKE YOURSELVES UGLY

### Look at Ugly Things

Beautiful children may grow ugly by familiarity with ugliness.

The consciousness of an ugly odour, an ugly sound, an ugly taste, and an ugly sight, not to mention an ugly idea, affects the muscles of the face and, often unconsciously, causes an unpleasant expression which, if frequently occurring, becomes more or less set in the countenance.

Surely our modern painters, sculptors, and architects should remember this, if beauty is to be loved and sought for its own sake, like truth. Should we not avoid crowding our galleries, as we now do, with works that stimulate the wrong muscles and must inevitably lead to a nation with ugly faces?

Mr Annesley Voysey

## DO YOUR BEST

Do your best and do it with a smile; there is always someone younger taking his cue from you.

Admiral Field's goodbye to his crew

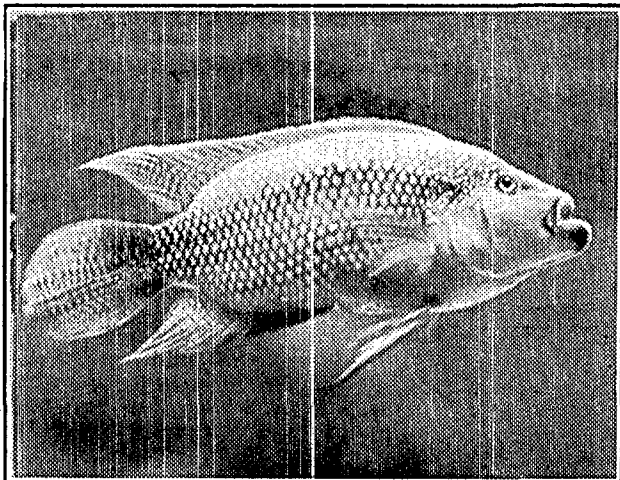


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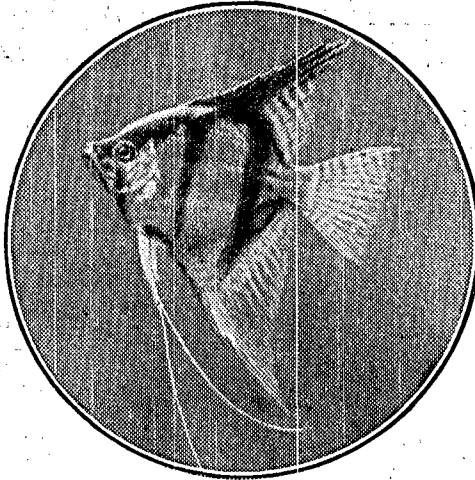
The Children's Newspaper

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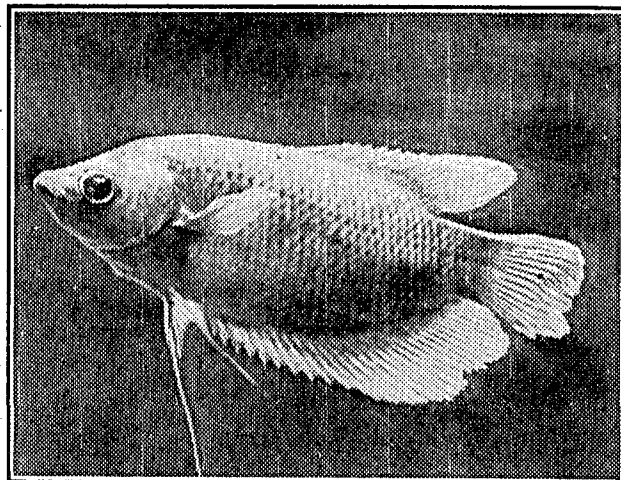
# THE WINDOWS THROUGH WHICH WE LOOK AT THE UNDERWATER WORLD



A Cichlid



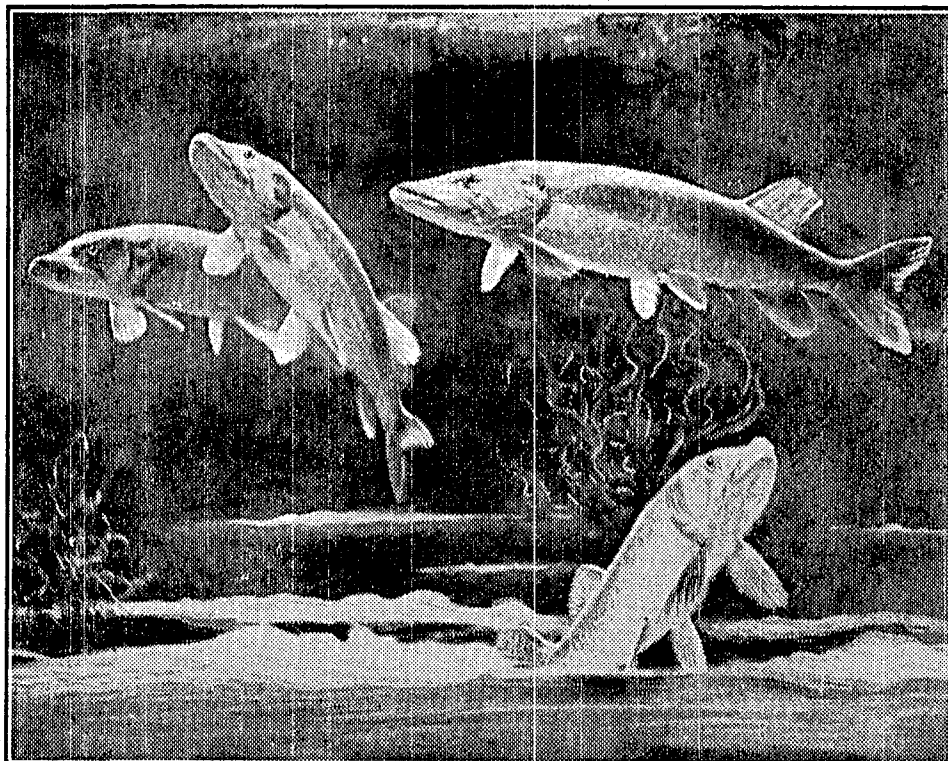
An Angel Fish from the Tropics



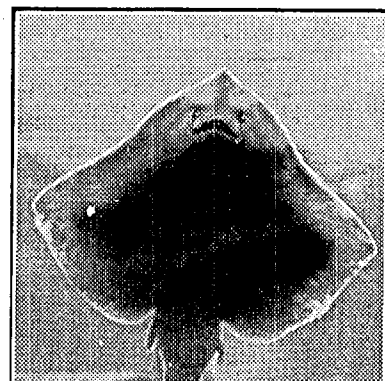
A Gurame from India



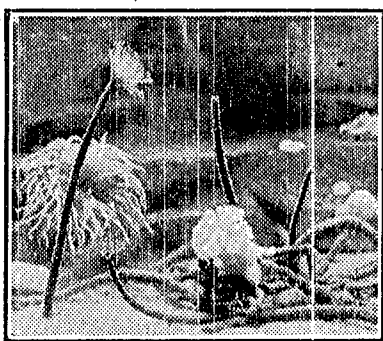
A South American Pipa Toad



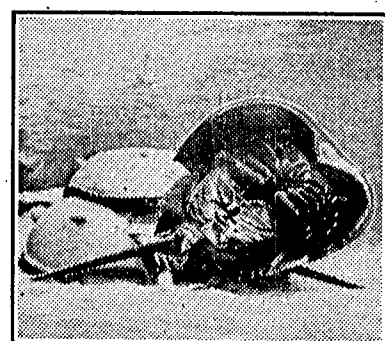
Fine Specimens of the Ferocious Pike



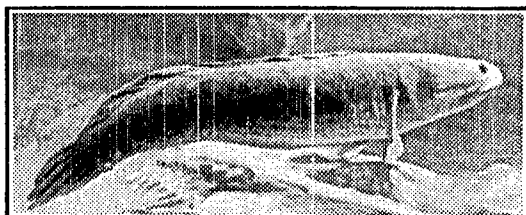
A Sting Ray



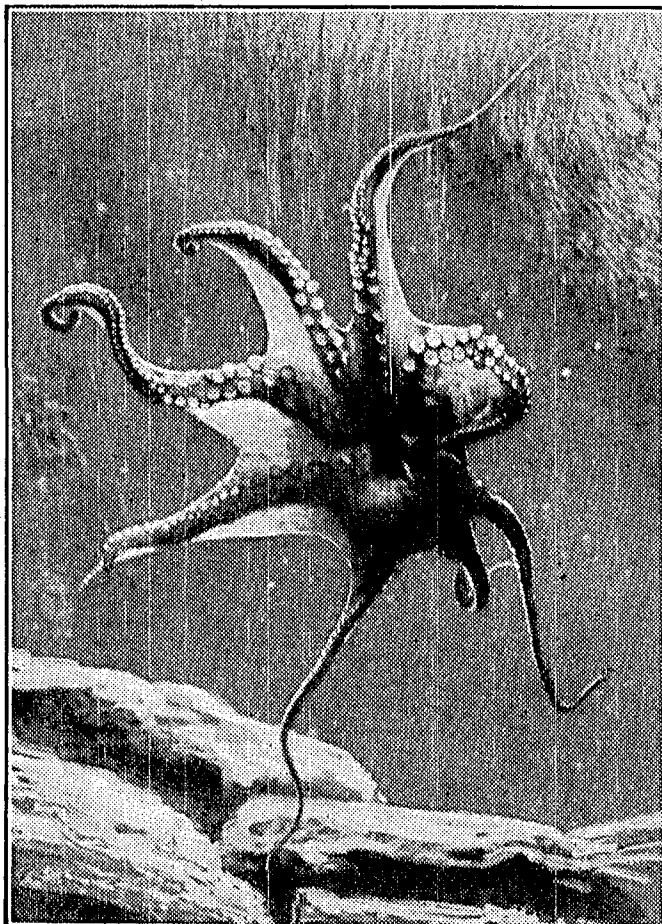
Sea Worms and Sea Anemones



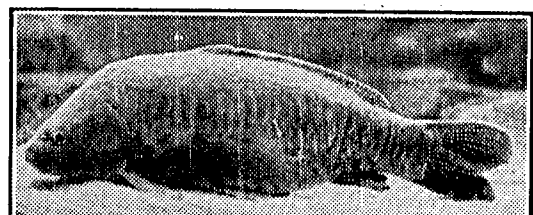
A King Crab



A Snake-Headed Fish from India



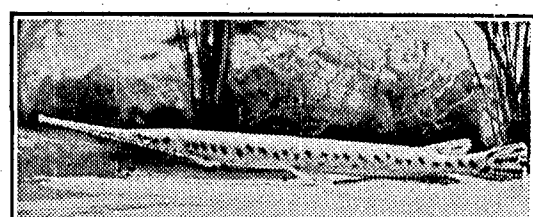
An Octopus Caught Off Madeira



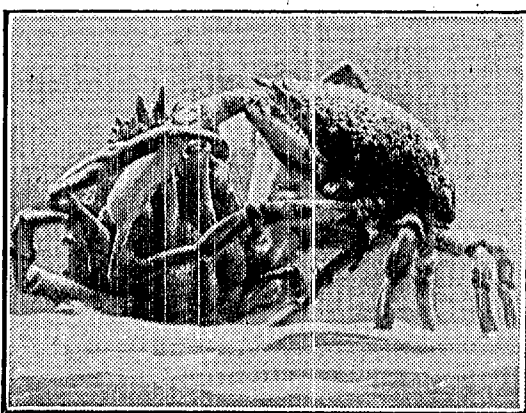
A Mirror Carp



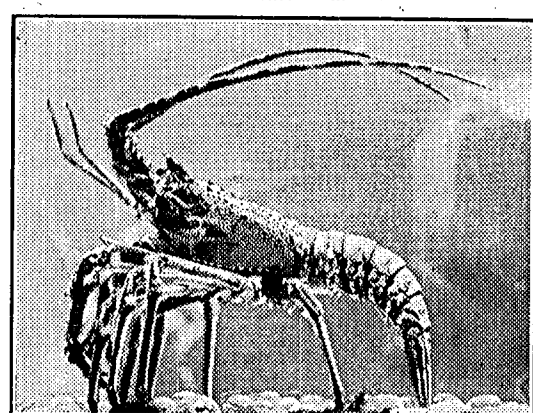
A Wolf Fish



A Fresh-Water Garfish



A Fight Between Spider Crabs



A Crawfish

The Aquarium at the Zoo is one of the most fascinating sights in London. It is like a great gallery of coloured moving pictures, for the hall is lined with many windows through which we look at the unfamiliar life of the waters. The pictures on this page give an idea of the wonderful variety of creatures to be seen.



## AN OLD PROBLEM COMES BACK OUR TWO SORTS OF SCHOOLS

### Proposal for Bringing the Church Schools Up To Date THE CHOICE OF TEACHERS

The new Education Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons. It proposes to raise the school age, and improve school buildings, and give aid to needy schools.

One of the great difficulties of education in England since compulsory education began has been the existence of two kinds of schools, both supported out of rates and taxes. One kind (now called Council school) is provided by the local authorities, and the other kind (called Denominational school) is provided by the Churches.

This has always led to long disputes, chiefly about money, one set of people wanting to withdraw public funds from Church schools and have nothing but council schools, the other wanting to get more help for the Church schools, leaving less for the Churches to pay in return for the right to control them.

#### In Country Villages

This old dispute, which had more or less died down, has threatened to break out again in connection with the plans for keeping children longer at school and giving them a better education.

Of course these plans mean that there will be many more children in the schools in future than there have been, so that schools will have to be enlarged, or new schools built.

But in many districts still, especially in the country villages, the only school is denominational, and this is going to be too small for the new needs. According to the latest compromise, the owners of the denominational schools have still to provide their own buildings (which they may use for their own church purposes out of school hours) and keep them in repair, while the local authorities pay for their heating, lighting, and cleaning, provide books, paper, and pencils, and pay the teachers' salaries. Many of these buildings no longer come up to modern requirements, and as their owners cannot afford the money required to bring them up to date they have been put on a "black list," to be closed when the authorities can afford to build new ones.

#### What the Bill Does

The Government has been considering what is to be done to get the needed extra accommodation for the children, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Education Minister, has dealt with the situation in his new Bill.

He proposes to give local authorities power to make grants (to which the Government would contribute) to enable the owners of denominational schools needed for the new scheme to enlarge, reconstruct, or improve their buildings to make them suitable to the new conditions, instead of building new publicly-owned schools, which, he says, would be needlessly extravagant. In return the owners of the schools are to hand over the appointment of the teachers to the local authorities.

#### The Religious Problem

Of course one of the chief reasons why these denominational schools are maintained by the Churches is in order that the children attending them may be taught the religion of the owners of the schools; and this has to be done by the teachers. At present the managers, choosing the teachers, choose teachers who will give this religious education. The teachers, that is, must submit to a "test" of their religious beliefs. When the local authorities take over the appointment of the teachers in these enlarged or reconstructed schools the managers are to retain the right to be

## A BLACK SWAN BULLETIN

### Good News from Australia WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO FOR A SPECIES

There is excellent news of the black swan in its ancient native haunts. Its numbers increase, it is quite safe from extinction; indeed it has become so numerous that its "cartwheel creaking chorus" keeps campers awake at night not many miles from Adelaide.

This is indeed a welcome message, and we have to thank Miss Nellie Stow, of Queen's College, North Adelaide, in Australia, for it. Some months ago when, by special permission of the authorities in Australia, our Worshipful Company of Vintners was allowed to import four of these splendid birds into England from the other side of the world the C.N. recalled the fact that black swans had been in such danger of extermination in Australia that the Government had been compelled to declare them under protection and to forbid their export.

That regulation still exists, and we may hope that it will remain, but Miss Stow tells us the danger is past. If black swans are to continue in the scheme of life the world will have to pay tribute of gratitude to Captain S. A. White, of Fulham, South Australia. For it was Captain White who really saved these noble birds.

The ravages of natives and white men, killing mercilessly, brought the black swans within measurable range of total extinction. Captain White has given half a lifetime to the study and preservation of native Australian birds, and he succeeded at last in moving his Government to declare the black swan one of the island continent's protected birds.

#### A Wonderful Change

The result has been wonderful. The birds are to be seen today in hundreds in the mainland swamps, with as many more about various islands and river reaches. They have forgotten the days of terror in which they were hunted almost out of existence. Today they are so confident of the goodwill of men that they view their approach without alarm. So calm and peaceful are they, says Miss Stow, that even the sound of a gun would only cause them to fly from one spot to another near at hand.

#### Civilisation's Responsibility

With people such as Captain White actively defending wild life, and with others such as Miss Stow encouraging in the rising generation a love of birds and animals, the future of the native creatures of Australia seems assured as far as the influence of such wise and kindly champions can reach.

All over the world civilisation is becoming conscious at last of its responsibility for the preservation of the living things into whose haunts homes and cities are being gradually thrust. We can but hope that success will attend all such efforts at preservation as has attended the efforts for the safe-keeping of the black swans of Australia.

Continued from the previous column

consulted and to be satisfied that the teachers needed for giving religious education are willing and able to give the particular kind of religious education to which the school has been dedicated.

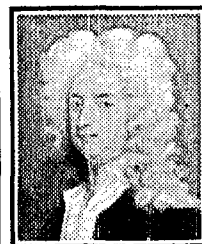
That is the compromise proposed to meet the new emergency. All the plans of the local authorities, whether for building new public schools or reconstructing old denominational schools, have to be approved by the Minister of Education before they can be carried out. And if the denominational school managers and the local authorities fall out about the suitability of a teacher the Minister of Education is to decide between them.

## A LIFE OF THE WEEK The Achievements of Joseph Addison

On June 18, 1719, died Joseph Addison.

Joseph Addison, essayist, poet, scholar, politician, and Christian gentleman, was one of the most perfect men of whom the world has any record. So good was he that critics, in his own day and since, have not been able to make even a scratch on his fair fame.

He was born on May 1, 1672, near Amesbury in Wiltshire, son of a clergyman, Dr Lancelot Addison, who later became Dean of Lichfield. Educated successively at Amesbury, Salisbury, Lichfield, and the Charterhouse he was already a sound Latin scholar when at fifteen he entered Queen's College, Oxford. At the Charterhouse Dick Steele (afterwards Sir Richard) was his admiring junior, and all his life followed at his heels like a faithful dog.



Joseph Addison

Addison was a Whig, or, as we should say now, a Liberal, in politics, and his Party noted him as a young man worth training for public service, so he was given £300 a year to travel abroad and master languages. Besides that he had a college fellowship. He was just the man for diplomacy, for he had charming manners and made many friends.

When he came home his political friends put him into public offices and he began to make a name for himself by his writings about his travels and a poem, *The Campaign*, on the great General Marlborough. Also he wrote an opera and helped his friend Dick Steele with a play. Socially he was a great success, and the leading literary men of his time were either his friends, or, like Alexander Pope, were jealous of him. Good judges said he was the best company in the world, though he was too modest to shine where many were present.

#### From Success to Success

His friends put him into Parliament, and he remained a Member for the rest of his life. Later he wrote a play, *Cato*, which received universal applause and was acted for twenty nights, a great success in those days. When he was 44 he married the widowed Countess of Warwick, an old friend, and shortly after became a Secretary of State, though he had never made a speech in Parliament. His life, in fact, flowed quietly on from success to success.

The greatest of his successes was won by sheer merit in company with his old friend Steele. Dick was a genial, irresponsible soul who was often in trouble. He had started a three-times-a-week paper called *The Tatler*, which published in all 271 numbers. Addison helped him from time to time, and the papers he wrote sent up the circulation with a bound. They had the character of bright and humorous essays.

#### The Tatler and The Spectator

When *The Tatler* ceased, Steele at the time having a public office, it was much missed, and presently Addison (with Steele) started another paper, *The Spectator*, as a daily. It ran to 555 numbers, of which Addison wrote 274, and these essays are the distinctive work of his life. They are read to this day as an imperishable part of English literature.

*The Spectator* is much more than a collection of deftly-worded essays, written in many moods, humorous, reflective, pictorial of human character: it is a mirror of a past age.

Addison was what most of his contemporaries were not—he was a gentleman in grain, and he stands invulnerable against the malice that has assailed even him. Whatever he did he did well. His life and work were consistent.

## BEAUTIFUL ROADS HOW TO MAKE THEM The Wrong Way and the Right Way in the Countryside MORE TREES WANTED

It really seems as if substantial progress was about to be made in redeeming our country roads from ugliness, preserving a share of the use of them for the harassed pedestrian and saving him from death.

This, no doubt, is an enormous programme, but it is being strongly advocated from many points of view, with a great deal of public opinion and feeling behind it, and it has the very solid support of the Ministry of Transport.

It is that Ministry which holds the key of the position. Roadmaking is now one of the nation's biggest jobs, most openly under the public gaze, and the Ministry of Transport has control of many of the plans and pays a big share of the costs. Get the Ministry interested in the right things, and, backed by public opinion, it can very quickly introduce some delightful changes for the better.

#### Raw Ideas

What are they? Chiefly the Ministry seems to have made up its mind as to what a really sound and good and beautiful country main road ought to be. It has helped to make quite a lot of roads that were sound and spacious but never had any other virtues, and swiftly tended to become ugly through the rush of people to put up gimcrack buildings and to sacrifice everything to a little cheap trade. The new roads were mostly bald, bare, and commonplace, and at once suggested themselves as being nothing better than racing tracks. To clear a broad way for them many fine trees were ruthlessly slaughtered, for trees grow in hedgerows, and the old roads were narrow and hedges were near neighbours.

Now those raw ideas about road-making have been seen in their unattractive crudeness. Various intelligent societies have been spreading fertilising ideas about saving the countryside, beautifying the roads, giving the pedestrian a chance, and so on. This has culminated in the Ministry of Transport apparently making up its mind to stand up boldly for the road that ought to be.

#### The Road That Ought To Be

What ought a road to be? It ought to give passage to all the citizens who wish to go that way for business or pleasure, whether a wheel or a foot. It ought to make their journey not only reasonably speedy and safe but pleasant. It ought to display the beauties of the landscape and not to be concerned in either hiding or outraging them. It ought to add to the beauties of the land on its own accord if that should be easily possible.

The Roads Beautifying Association, which has published (through Country Life) a very practical book on Roadside Planting, is willing to advise road-makers as to suitable trees and shrubs for different districts and positions and to give warning as to what not to plant and where not to plant.

#### Getting On

The hopeful thing is that there is a new movement toward the disentangling of different kinds of travellers, with greater safety for both the swift and the slow. There is a likelihood of a return to a love of English woodland scenery, with the preservation of what we have left, and its extension along our spacious national roadways—a movement on which a number of useful societies have been converging and that has gained the practical cooperation of a Government Department. This is one of the ways in which this ancient land is "getting on."



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## THE EVENING STAR

### VENUS IN THE WEST

Seen Near the Famous Twins  
Castor and Pollux

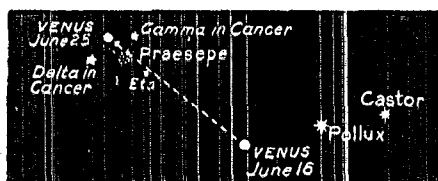
### A CLUSTER OF 500 SUNS

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus, the glorious Evening Star now adorning the western sky, is travelling upward at a rapid rate, and has reached the constellation of Cancer, the Crab, pursuing a direct path among the rather faint stars of this constellation.

It is interesting to note this progress and to identify the celestial wonders that she appears to pass. This can be done quite easily, though field-glasses (or even opera-glasses) will be necessary in order to perceive the fainter objects; for although the Moon is out of the way there is no real darkness during these midsummer nights.

On Monday, June 16, Venus will be seen to be in a line with the famous twin stars Castor and Pollux, being somewhat farther to the left of Pollux than Pollux is from Castor. That Venus is only apparently near them, and is actually immeasurably nearer to our



The path of Venus from June 16 to 25

world, is evident when we reflect that the light from her radiant world takes only about nine minutes to travel the 100 million miles between us at the present time, while the light takes 51 years to come from the great sun Pollux and 43 years from Castor.

This star, by the way, is composed of a complex solar system of six suns. Four of them are arranged in two pairs, one pair revolving round a central point between them in three days, while the other and larger pair takes about nine days.

Two of these are rather larger than our Sun; and as the diameters of their orbits are, in the case of the larger pair, about 2,500,000 miles and the smaller pair averages 1,600,000 miles, we see that they must be relatively very close together. In fact, were we as near to them as we are to our own Sun we should see two suns going round and round with only a space about the width of our Sun, more or less, between them. The distances would vary, and each pair of suns, owing to the great tidal pull resulting, would probably be egg-shaped.

Each pair of suns is at an average distance apart of 7440 million miles, and they revolve round a central point in a vast orbit which takes 306 years to complete.

### Complicated Calendars

Another much smaller pair of suns also belongs to this wonderful solar system. They are at an average distance apart of 1,700,000 miles and take but 20 hours to revolve.

We see, therefore, that any worlds up there are likely to have very complicated calendars and nights of possibly very uncertain duration.

By the beginning of the following week, between June 22 and 23, Venus will appear to pass very close to the star Eta in Cancer, both being visible in the field of view of the glasses.

On the following night, June 24, Venus will pass through the upper portion of the famous star-cluster of the Praesepe. Her radiance will, in addition to the absence of darkness, dim the light of this cluster, which on a dark night appears as a faint wisp of light. Field-glasses, however, may reveal some 20 or so of this splendid cluster of upward of 500 suns, whose light has been nearly 600 years reaching us. G. F. M.

## C. L. N.

### Magna Carta Day

Number of Members—16,746

Those members of the C.L.N. who represent the English-speaking peoples are asked by the Magna Carta Association not to forget Magna Carta Day this year, which is on Sunday. The following message is sent to the young people of Britain from the Headquarters at St Paul, Minnesota.

"You may be justly proud that you belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, which has contributed so greatly to the progress of mankind. Great Britain and the United States have stood in the forefront in the battles for freedom. They still stand for the highest ideals and aspirations for humanity. They must feel these in common, and all the English-speaking nations must come closer together so that they may present a united front as friends. As Christian people we cannot allow another terrible war. So, young people, cherish our common origin, recognise our unity in those fine things which count for most, and feel proud today that 715 years ago our common forefathers gathered on a meadow outside London and achieved a magnificent bloodless victory for personal liberty in Magna Carta."

As June 15 has become recognised by the English-speaking world as a sign-post on the path of civilisation and peace, we of the C.L.N. may well help in keeping it as a day to be remembered.

### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:



The C.L.N. Badge

C.L.N.,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. Office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

### C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

#### Are There Any Books on Watch and Clock Making and Repairing?

The most useful books are The Clock Jobber's Handybook and the Watch Jobber's Handybook, by P. N. Hasluck, published by Crosby Lockwood & Son; and The Watch and Clock Maker's Handbook, by F. J. Britten, published by E. & F. Spon, Ltd.

#### What Are the Ingredients of French Polish?

They vary according to the quality. Common French polish is a solution of shellac in wood naphtha. The best French polish consists of three parts shellac, one part gum mastich, one part gum sandarach, and forty parts spirits of wine.

#### Where Was the First Band of Hope Founded?

At Leeds, in Yorkshire, in 1847. The first meeting was held in a building at the south-east corner of Leeds Bridge and the title was adopted at the suggestion of a prominent Leeds temperance worker, Rev. Jabez Tunncliffe. A bronze tablet has just been fixed.

#### What Makes a Fairy Ring in a Field?

Fairy rings are made by a certain fungus or toadstool. A fungus grows, and when it dies others grow round it. Gradually they exhaust the kind of nourishment they need from the ground they grow on, but round it is more fertile ground and new funguses grow there. At last a kind of ring is formed, the used-up ground being inside this ring.

#### What is the Origin of the Phrase "Going West"?

It is not certain. Some attribute it to the ancient Egyptians, who regarded the West, the land of the setting Sun, as the home of departed spirits. Others attribute it to the North American Indians who used the expression "Gone to meet the setting Sun" as meaning dead. Others, again, think the phrase originated in the United States to describe men who went prospecting West in the dangerous and unsettled territories.

## KINDNESS ROUND

### THE WORLD

#### Friends for Animals

#### Everywhere

When people start abusing the modern world we who believe in it cannot always defend it from the charge of ugliness, but at least we can say with certainty that ours is a far kinder age than any before it.

There was slavery in the glorious days of ancient Greece, and slave-trading in the glorious days of Elizabethan England, while the age which danced the minuet sent babies to work in factories and smiled on bull-baiting.

Today cruelty has been practically driven out of civilised places and only shows its ugly face in backward lands. If proof of this be needed it is to be found in the result of an appeal made by the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It invited similar societies in other lands to send it reports, believing that they might learn from each other.

Ninety societies responded.

#### World-Wide Work of Mercy

All over the British Commonwealth, America, Europe, and many parts of Asia there are people who are giving up time and money to the work of mercy. Owing to their devoted championship there is far less brutality in the shipping and slaughter of cattle, the loading of pack animals, and the destruction of stray dogs.

Humane slaughter is compulsory for cattle in about 150 Italian towns and all over Norway. In Sweden menageries are forbidden by law, and no horses are exported for pit ponies. Even in Spain the State departments and municipalities are obliged to allocate part of their budgets to be used for Animal Protection.

#### Lessons in Schools

At Saskatchewan a society is succouring horses turned out on to the prairies to die by farmers who wish to be saved the expense of feeding them till spring. At Victoria a society supervises the shipment of animals.

In Rangoon the four men who are employed by the Corporation to destroy dogs have been persuaded to use a humane killer given by Scotland.

In Greece lessons on kindness to animals are given in all schools.

Everywhere there are tidings of drinking-troughs, homes of rest, and dispensaries for sick animals, and everywhere propaganda for the humane slaughter of animals.

### A GOOD IDEA GROWING IN THE WORLD

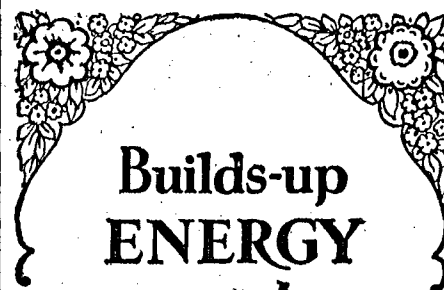
In America there is no Unemployed Insurance Fund such as we have, so that when, as so often happens, a workman is unable to find work he is thrown upon his own poor resources.

This fact is increasingly impressing American thought, and we shall not be surprised if before long America follows the British and German example and sets up a State scheme of insurance.

A number of American firms try to mitigate unemployment for the workman by paying what is called a dismissal wage. That is to say, if the firm has to dismiss a man through lack of work they pay him a sum of money to tide him over his difficulties. Some American firms go farther and set up insurance schemes to help workers who have to be discharged. We fear that these schemes do not amount to much, but they do show that American opinion on the subject is becoming more humane.

In Japan, under an Act of 1923, factory employers on discharging a workman have to give him 14 days' notice or 14 days' pay.

So throughout the world we get a growing realisation of the necessity of giving more security to workers.

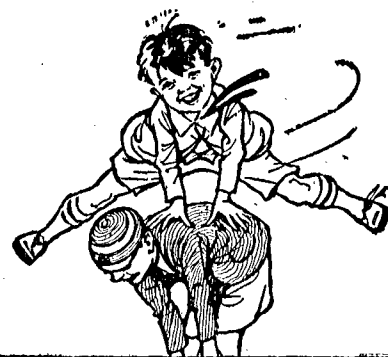


## Builds-up ENERGY and ROBUST HEALTH

THE energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending has to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and more nourishment is essential for healthy growth than ordinary food contains.

Every food element necessary to make them sturdy and strong and to give them energy and vitality is contained in "Ovaltine" in accurately adjusted proportions. From no other source can be obtained the concentrated, correctly balanced and easily digested nourishment extracted from Nature's best foods—ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Let them drink it with and between meals and before going to bed. Then note their increased energy and vitality. See on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health. Watch them as they grow up with sturdy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds.



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## Do you ever help mother?

"Why yes, of course I help Mother. I run errands and do all sorts of things."

Quite so, but here's a way you can help Mother without any trouble to yourself at all, and yet help her in the most important way of all.

Keep yourself as fit and well as you can! Mother doesn't want any better help than that. And there's no better way of keeping fit and full of energy than by having "Force" every morning—and for supper too.

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## Mason's Extract of Herbs

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NEWMAN AND MASON, LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM.

## TYCHO BRAHE Astronomer Who Never Saw a Telescope GENIUS TERRIFIED BY KNOWLEDGE

Tycho Brahe has had a new spray of remembrance added to his laurels.

During the closing years of the sixteenth century he shook the world with discoveries made in a little museum observatory on the island of Ven, between the southern Swedish province of Scania and Denmark.

After centuries of neglect and decay public opinion and gratitude have prompted the restoration of the observatory, the excavation of the ruins which had fallen, the re-establishment of the building, and the bringing together there of books, documents, and instruments which the great man had about him during his wonder-working career.

### A Son of His Age

He lives for all time in the affection and respect of scientists; but, although he was in some respects in advance of the age in which he lived, he was a son of his age, terrified by the knowledge his genius brought to light.

Brahe was to some extent the father of scientific astronomy. He was so perplexed by the theories of Copernicus and by errors which he found from calculating what should have been the results of those theories, that, while he believed the Earth to be fixed in space and the Sun and the planets to revolve round it once every 24 hours, he founded a system of calculation on which all physics is based.

He never saw a telescope; his first instrument for observation was a little pair of compasses. He looked through a hole at the join, pointed one leg of the compasses to one star and the other to a second star, and so began the science of measurement upon which all astronomy depends.

### Delusions of a Great Mind

He did wonders, immortal things; yet when his keen observation discovered a star new to knowledge his heart was filled with woe. The star, he said, was at first like Venus and Jupiter, and its effects, therefore, would at first be pleasant. But after that it would become like Mars and bring wars, seditions, captivity, and death to princes, destruction of cities, together with dryness and fiery meteors in the air, pestilence, and venomous snakes.

Lastly the star would become like Saturn and bring death, imprisonment, and all sad things.

Such were the delusions of the greatest man of his age, and if he re-awakened to knowledge of the new planet just the same fears would revive in him.

## A LITTLE SEA ROVER Trout of the Tweed

Like the salmon, its cousin the sea trout moves in a mysterious way, going from river to sea and returning from sea to river, and no one can quite say why.

But lately a little more has come to light about the sea trout of the Tweed. Some 600 of these dwellers in the Tweed were marked before they went out to seek their fortune, and 130 of them have been recovered.

Some had wandered back to other rivers of Scotland, one had gone to England, but three were recovered off the Dutch coast and one off Jutland. The last was the first marked sea trout, which afforded clear proof that these fish do cross the North Sea.

It is now regarded as certain that the Tweed sea trout, like salmon, travel far for their meals and thrive on the roaming life. The Tweed sea trout are at any rate a hardy race. Tweed fishermen call them coarse and export them to France.

## LOOKING AFTER BACKWARD PEOPLE A WORD ABOUT MANDATES

The Two Branches of a Race  
1600 Miles Apart

### SAMOA AND ITS PEOPLE

The wise and peaceful carrying on of Mandate Governments under the oversight of the League is not proving an easy task in regions where there are strong racial divisions, or where there are native races which have customs that jar against European ideas of law and government.

The French have not found the government of Syria easy. Neither have the British an enviable duty in Palestine. It is the same with New Zealand in Samoa, where there is a good deal of native unrest. These difficulties arise naturally, and they should be regarded with sympathy and patience by those who look on at them from afar. Samoa is a typical instance.

### Native Polynesian Minister

New Zealand has had the problem at home in its own native Maori population and has solved it with conspicuous success. It has in Sir Apirana Ngata, its Native Polynesian minister, an educated politician of marked ability, respected by all; and there are other Maori members of sound capacity. The Maori people, in short, have been able to line up satisfactorily with the European systems of government, education, and life.

But there has been separation between the Maori and Samoan branches of the Polynesian race for a thousand years and by 1600 miles of ocean. The Samoans are in a great majority in their islands, with their modes of thought and of government comparatively unaffected by European influences.

The position is quite understood by the New Zealand Government. There is no Party controversy as to the way of bringing civilised methods of government into use in Samoa and developing the resources of the islands for the benefit of the Samoan race in accordance with the terms of the Mandate. Yet there is uneasiness in Samoa, disregard of existing laws, and indisposition to accept changes.

### The Samoan Mind

There may have been a tendency to force the pace of change and some failure on the part of individual administrators to understand the Samoan mind and sentiment. It is not possible to judge such points as these from a distance; and indeed any form of interference is futile. What is quite certain is that the New Zealand Government is alive to the needs of the situation, and will act with care in choosing those who practically carry out the Mandate, for in such cases a great deal depends on personality.

The suggestion has been made that Sir Apirana Ngata should visit Samoa and report; but he seems indisposed to intervene. He points out that right things should be done at right times and should not be hustled, and the wisest course is to go easy. What we all need to see with sympathy is that the governing of backward races, for their own good, must be done with understanding of the people concerned if it is to be done smoothly and lead to a contented prosperity.

### 1251 CROSSINGS

When the Aquitania sailed the other day she bore Mr William McIntosh, on his twelve hundred and fifty-first Atlantic crossing. He has been in the Cunard Company for 50 years.

Twelve hundred and fifty-one Atlantic crossings! It must almost be a record.



June 14, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

13

# CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by  
T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 23

### The Retaking of the Dolphin

DON grasped Mark's hand. "You're a brick," he said warmly. "We'll come back for your gold. But hurry. The worst of the storm is over and we must reach the Dolphin before the rain stops."

"Yes, but what about this fellow?" asked Mark, pointing to Kapak. "We can't leave him here to tell his master just what's happened."

"We can't take him with us, that's one thing sure," Don answered. "We'd better carry him into the bushes and leave him. Loosen the cords a little so that after a bit he can free himself. After all, once we're away Gabe Paran's gang can't hurt us."

Mark agreed, and they lugged the scowling Malay into the bushes and slackened the cords so that in time he could get free. Before they left him Mark took the fez from his head. Then they rushed the boat down into the water, jumped in and pulled for the Dolphin. The storm was passing, but the rain still fell heavily, beating up in a mist from the surface of the sea. As they neared the schooner Mark stopped pulling for a moment.

"Don, take this fez and put it on instead of your own hat. It's not much of a disguise but it may just make the difference," Don nodded and did so. Next minute they were alongside the Dolphin.

Don, who was pulling bow, rose calmly to his feet, picked up a boat-hook and caught the rail which was just about level with his head. As he did so a man looked over from above. He was white, a squat, thick-chested fellow with a broad red face.

"Didn't expect you back as soon as this, Cap'n," he remarked. "Did you find—?" He stopped short, his expression changed, his small eyes looked as if they were going to pop out of their sockets, while his mouth opened to yell. Don did not give him the chance. Reaching up like a flash he caught the man round the body and using all his strength jerked him over the rail. He came down into the bottom of the boat with a crash that nearly upset her.

"Gag him," whispered Don urgently, but there was no need, for the fall had stunned the man. Leaving him where he lay, the other four were over the rail in a flash. A Malay who had been in the little deck house and had evidently heard the crash ran out. Three more came up from below. Ugly-looking knives with crooked blades were gripped in their brown hands.

Mark raised his shotgun and fired a charge over their heads, and they paused.

"The next shot won't be in the air," he said curtly, and it was clear that they understood for though they scowled savagely they stood still.

"Drop your knives," was Mark's next order, and sullenly they obeyed.

"Pick up the knives, Parami," said Mark. "Don, you and Jim be good enough to tie them up."

"It was done swiftly and securely."

"Question is, are there any more?" Jim asked.

"Not likely," Mark answered. "Still, we'd better watch our step. Don, perhaps you'll attend to that fellow in the boat. Then we will go through the ship."

Don took a length of cord and lashed the hands and feet of the white man. Then they lifted him out of the boat and laid him with the other prisoners. He was none the worse except for a lump on the top of his head, but the business of the recapture of the schooner had been so sudden that he seemed dazed. Jim could hardly believe that they had gained such an easy victory.

"What do we do next, Don?" he asked.

"What Mark said—go through the ship."

"Yes; but what about those fellows?"

Jim asked, pointing to the prisoners. "How do we deal with them?"

"You gib them me and I deal with dem all right," came a voice, and Jim turned.

"Chi Ling, you old pirate!" he cried, and seized both the Chinaman's hands in his. For once a flicker of real emotion showed in Chi Ling's usually impassive face, and he returned Jim's grip with interest.

"I plopel glad see you," he answered. "And Cap'n Don too. You klite well, Cap'n?"

"I'm feeling a heap better now I've got you back as well as the schooner, Chi," said Don cheerfully. "Mark, this is my old friend, cook, and diver, Chi Ling. Chi Ling, this is Mr Mark Weldon whom we met on the island there and who's done a lot to help us to get back the schooner."

Mark shook hands cordially with the tall Chinaman.

"I tink we got plopel clew now," said Chi Ling with something approaching a smile on his yellow face.

"But what about Kupa and Motu?" Don asked anxiously.

"Jansen, him take dem 'way, Cap'n. I tink dem in Stiletto."

"And the pearls?" asked Jim. Chi Ling glanced at the prisoners and made a sign for silence.

Don saw the movement. "We must get rid of that lot," he said briefly.

"Best thing you do, 'tlow dem over side," said Chi Ling.

"What makes you so hot against them?" asked Don.

"You see my galley, Cap'n, den you know," said Chi.

Don grunted and looked again at the prisoners.

"I think we'd best dump them on the island, Mark. If we dump them the far side we shall be safe enough."

"That will do all right," Mark agreed. "But as there's no wind we'd better get your engine moving. Is there petrol, Chi Ling?"

"Can do," said Chi, as he dropped below.

The others set to getting up the anchor and inside five minutes the schooner was moving steadily away westward. The rain had swept away, the sun was out again, the whole island glowed like a newly-cleaned picture, when suddenly the quiet was broken by a sharp rattle of firing, and bullets came smacking against the hull of the Dolphin.

"Rifles," snapped Don as he flung himself flat behind the wheel. "Get down, Jim."

## CHAPTER 24

### A Council of War

As quickly as possible Don turned the Dolphin's head away from land and drove straight out to sea. The shots followed her but the range was long and they did no harm beyond smashing a scuttle glass. Presently they ceased, and Don told Parami to take the wheel while he picked up a pair of glasses and examined the shore.

"They're all there, Paran and the whole of his gang," he said to Mark, who stood by him.

"And mad as hornets," added Mark with a chuckle. "We're lucky to have got off without anyone being damaged. And now what are we to do about these prisoners?"

Don frowned. "I've a jolly good mind to make 'em swim ashore, but I suppose it wouldn't do. Sharks might get 'em. All the same, I'm not risking going back to Omotu. I shall unload them at the next island we come to and let them take their chance."

"Right you are," said Mark. "And now we'd best settle our plan of campaign."

"First we want to know where we stand," said Don. "My safe's been forced, I've seen that already. So the white pearls are gone, but I haven't had a chance yet to ask Chi about the red ones."

"Chi Ling hid them, you say?" asked Mark.

"That's it, so they're probably still aboard, and if they are I've a mind to push straight back to Thursday Island and settle things for Dad before we come back for your gold."

Mark nodded. "Just as you say. Now we'd better go down and talk to Chi. We can't call him up because someone's got to tend the engine."

"I'll give Parami the course and call Jim," said Don, and presently he, Mark, and Jim went below. Jim frowned angrily as he saw the state of things.

"Did you ever see such a filthy mess?" he exclaimed.

Chi Ling looked up as they approached. "You come ask pearls, Cap'n," he said quietly.

"That's it, Chi. Of course Jansen has rifled the safe. I've spotted that already. But the pink pearls: you hid them and I'm hoping they're safe."

Chi Ling hung his head.

"I velly sorry, Cap'n. They gone too."

"Jansen has them?" asked Don sharply.

"He got dem, but he not know he got dem," was Chi's odd answer.

"Suppose you explain?" said Don.

"I tell you pletty klick," said Chi. "I hide dem pearls in one catlidge."

"But what a crazy thing to do!" said Don.

"I no tink him clazy at all," replied Chi. "I take out shot, put in pearls, put wad on top, den I put catlidge back in box and fix all up just like new."

Continued on the next page

# Shall they go away?

Dear C.N. Readers,

Many times I went to see Harry in Brompton Hospital. Two years ago he died of consumption, a year later his father died. There are William, Leonard, Rose and Lily left. They are frail and delicate and sadly need a fortnight by the sea. The mother struggles to keep the home together by selling odds and ends, but it is a hard fight.

## The Tragedy of the Boy Who Could Not Go.



NO TICKETS LEFT. HOPING TO THE LAST. VISIONS OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. DESPAIR!

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The Rev. F. W. Chudleigh,

EAST END MISSION,

Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

P.S.—When I write to thank you I will send a copy of the "East End Star," containing up-to-date particulars of the Mission's work.

# DOES HUMAN NATURE CHANGE?

THERE never was a time when the thoughts of men and women were so broadly and generally bent on human welfare as now. The war has made the millions think. All civilised countries are sick of wars. They know them to be brutal and feel them to be futile. The belief in war is dead.

The one defence of war that brings a pause in an argument is that it is based on human nature and that human nature does not change. Because war always has been, and always will be, it must be prepared for, says the military mind, and then it regards the point as settled. But the militarist is wrong.

*The truth is that human nature does change. It has changed, is changing, and will for ever change.*

These few words are from an article in Arthur Mee's Monthly for July. In this issue there are eighteen articles dealing with a variety of subjects, and several pages of stories and poems. There are well over a hundred pictures, many of them in colours.

Ask for

# MY MAGAZINE

Arthur Mee's Monthly

July issue on sale June 13 - - 1s



"Seems to me rather an ingenious notion," put in Jim.

"Then Jansen has the whole box of cartridges?" Don asked.

Chi nodded. "Dat light, Cap'n. He say he want catridges and he take all two boxes."

"And the next thing that will happen is he'll fire ten thousand pounds' worth of pearls at a mollymawk," said Don bitterly.

"I no tink he do dat velly soon," Chi answered. "Dat box all paste lound with blue papel and look like new. Othel box, he open."

"Jansen's got the pearls," said Mark. "It's up to us to get them back."

"You're right," agreed Don frankly. "What's your idea, Mark?"

"I've no particular plan," said Mark. "I'm all for direct action. Chivvy the Stiletto for all we're worth, slip up on her by night and try to surprise her."

Don shrugged his broad shoulders. "It's taking big chances. We haven't a notion how many men Jansen has. It may be a score and we're only five all told."

"It may," agreed Mark, "but I don't think it's as many. My notion is that Gabe Paran and his lot of beauties are part of Jansen's crew."

"We didn't see anything of Paran when we were aboard the Stiletto last Sunday," objected Don.

"You wouldn't. Jansen wasn't giving anything away."

"There's another thing in our favour," struck in Jim. "Jansen hasn't a notion that we've collared the Dolphin, so the odds are he'll be waiting for us at some place or other. And we shall be able to come right alongside and surprise him."

"There's another point," said Don after a pause. "We might get some useful information out of our prisoners. With a little persuading one of them might tell us how many men Jansen has in his ship."

"A good notion," Mark agreed. "Let's have them down and question them."

"Right," said Don briskly. "And after that we'll lock them up in the fo'c'sle until we can get rid of them. We don't want them spying. Jim, you and I will fetch the white man down first."

The white man was in a savage temper. "If you want to finish us you'd better chuck us over to the sharks instead of

Continued in the last column

## JACKO ON WHEELS

JACKO usually liked having tea with Aunt Matilda. But sometimes the old lady was rather tiresome, and when she hinted one day that the lawn wanted weeding Jacko wasn't at all pleased.

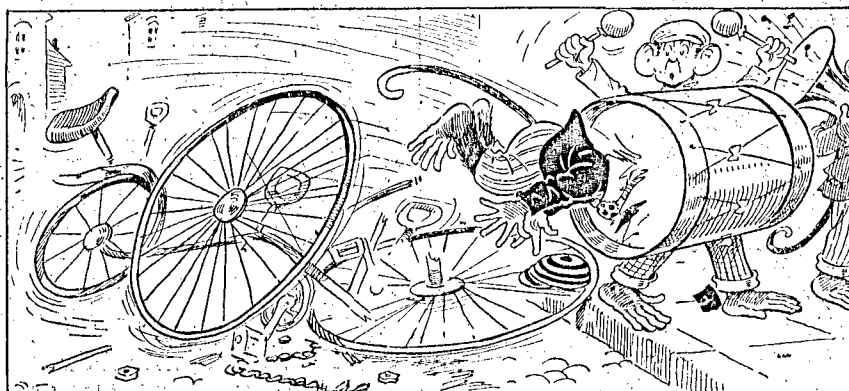
"Sorry I can't stay, Aunt," he said. "It's time I was off!"

"Oh no, it isn't, my dear," replied Aunt Matilda. "Your mother said I

one of the outhouses. "And what on earth is that in the corner?"

It was a very ancient tricycle, one which Aunt Matilda had ridden years ago. Jacko had it out of the shed in a twinkling. He had never had a chance to ride a tricycle before.

He rode it along the path, and then he took it out into the road.



He shot forward into the big drum

could keep you till six o'clock. Now let me see if you can't get rid of some of those daisies for me."

There was no getting out of it. Jacko crouched down on the lawn and began jabbing savagely at the weeds.

Aunt Matilda watched him. "Nobody should be idle," she said.

But at last Aunt Matilda was rash enough to move away; and then work slowed down. In fact, Jacko soon decided to leave the lawn to look after itself. He wandered round the garden and poked his nose into everything that didn't concern him.

"Coo! Just look at the cobwebs!" he exclaimed, pushing open the door of

It was really great fun for Jacko, though the tricycle was distinctly wobbly and felt as if it might fall to bits any moment. Jacko pedalled along at a furious rate.

At last the tricycle got completely out of control. When a street band came suddenly round the corner there was no dodging it.

"Say it with music!" said Jacko, and shut his eyes.

There was a fearful crash. The tricycle fell to bits and Jacko shot forward, head foremost into the big drum!

And there he stayed, with his legs sticking up into the air, until one of the men pulled him out again.

leaving us here to burn to death in the sun," he growled.

"You should have thought of that before stealing our schooner," Don answered dryly. "What's your name?"

"No business of yours," retorted the thick-set man harshly.

"All right. Stay and grill," said Don and turned away. But this was too much for the fellow. The sun was blazing down upon the deck, turning it into a very good imitation of a frying-pan.

"My name's Redburn," he snapped. "Now take me out of this and give me a drink."

"Where's the Stiletto?" questioned Don. Redburn peered up at Don with suspicion in his small eyes. "Thinking of calling on Dirk?" he asked with a sneer.

"A bit more than calling," returned Don. "That pirate has my pearls."

"Want to catch him, do ye? Well, maybe I can help you. But take me outter this afore the sun burns me up."

They took him below and left him in the cabin, then the Malay prisoners were shut up in the fo'c'sle. They gave Redburn a drink, and he began to talk at once. Jansen, it seemed, was not bound for Broome. He had a secret harbour on the coast of the big island of Malaita. Redburn was willing, he said, to show them the way to this place if they would make it worth his while.

"And what do you want?" asked Don with a touch of scorn.

"A share of the pearls," replied the fellow. "There's four of you—and me. Give me a fifth share and I'm your man."

Don hesitated, but Jim did not. "That sounds fair, Don. If I were you I'd agree."

Don's lips curled. "All right, Redburn," he said. "You shall have your blood money."

Then he turned away and went on deck. Jim followed. "You did that jolly well, Don," he said with a grin.

Don looked at him in blank surprise. "Oh, don't be a silly old ass," said Jim affectionately. "You knew that Redburn was kidding, didn't you? He hasn't the faintest notion of going back on Jansen."

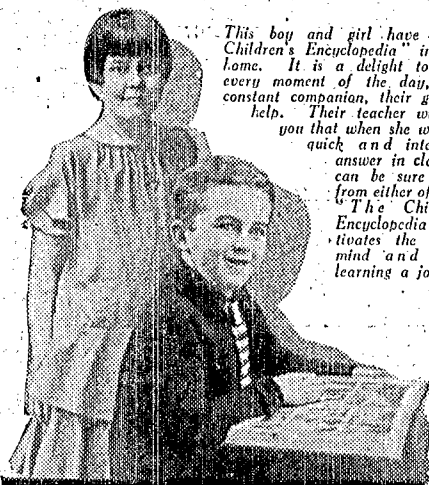
"Then—do you mean he won't show us this secret harbour?"

"He'll show us that all right, only we won't run into it blindfold, as he thinks. Two can play at kidding," chuckled Jim.

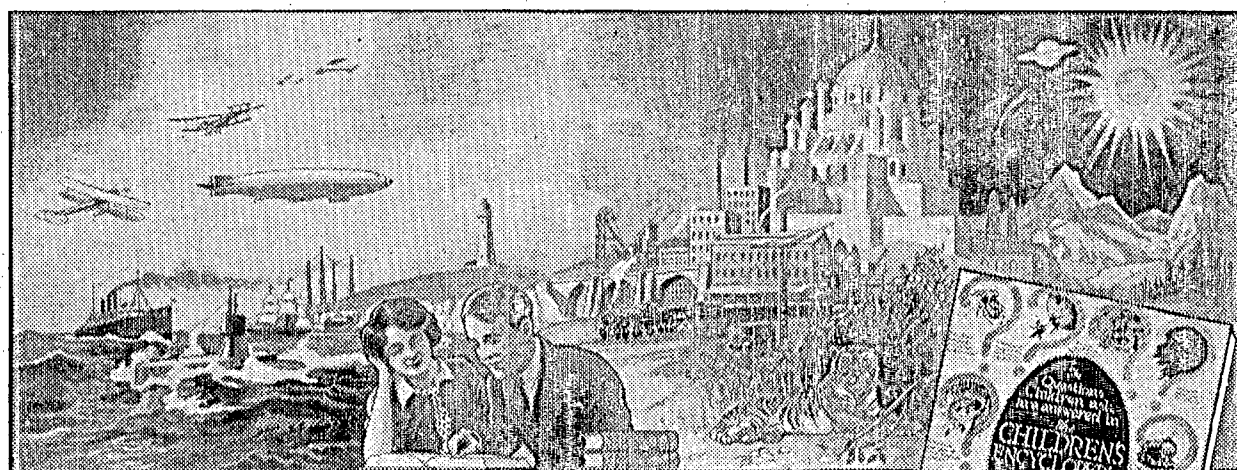
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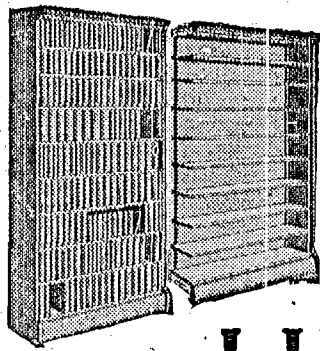
*Will you send them Half-a-Crown to feed the children?  
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**400,000 Half-Crowns**  
required for the Children's Food.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 8, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

## "LIBRACO" PORTABLE SHELVING

Grows with your needs.

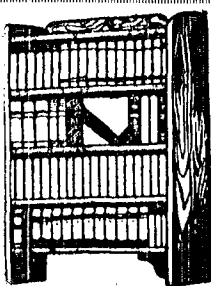


It is made in two heights, 7'6" and 4'6", and in three depths, 8", 10" and 12". Combinations of these sizes can be supplied to suit requirements.

**LIBRACO LIMITED**  
EQUIPMENT FOR LIBRARIES  
62, CANNON ST. LONDON

It adapts itself to the varying heights of your books, and can be added to at any future time. All parts are standardised, and will fit on, no matter when purchased. It is economical, durable, perfectly rigid, and of handsome appearance. The shelving is packed flat, but can readily be erected without exertion or technical skill. In Deal or Oak, Portable and Extensible. Fitted with adjustable shelves.

Write for Illustrated List  
No. 26.



A beautifully finished  
**DWARF BOOKCASE**  
Strong and rigid.  
3'9" high, 2'9" wide.  
IN OAK, 35/-  
Carriage Paid.  
In Mahogany, 47/6.

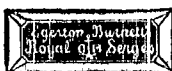
## Stamp Collectors!

Watch for the advertisers' announcements in "THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER" under the heading "The Stamp Collector's Corner." The next "Stamp Corner" will appear in the "C.N." dated June 21st.

**KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES**, 1 lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/0. Excellent for Jumpers, Socks, &c. White, 3/10 lb. Superior Mixtures, 4/11 lb., post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 27/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

EGERTON  
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SOMERSET,  
ENGLAND.

## CUT THIS OUT

**CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON** VALUE 3d.  
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO.**, 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



## PHOTOGRAPHERS

Abolish stuffy dark-rooms. Use 'TABLOID' DESENSITISER. It enables development to be carried out in a weak artificial light.

**'TABLOID' DESENSITISER**

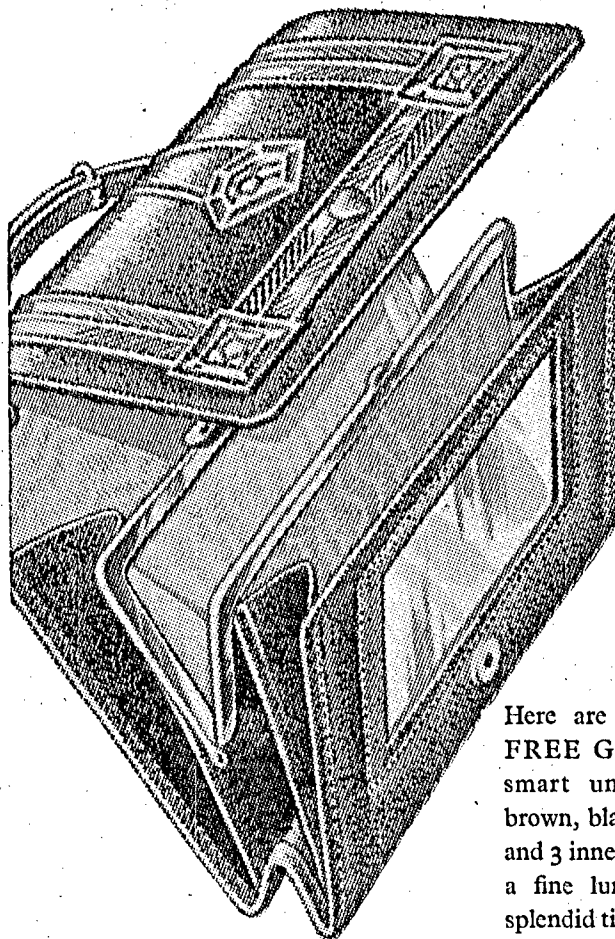
Cartons 1/6, from all Photo Dealers and Chemists

**Write to-day for FREE specimen**

**BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO.**  
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## This smart handbag

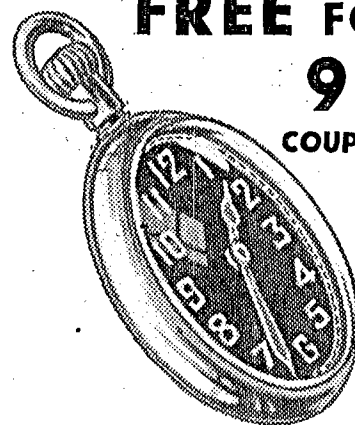
**FREE**  
**FOR 90**  
**COUPONS**



In all Nestlé's 1/2 lb. blocks, 6d. cartons and 2d. wrapped bars you will find either Gift coupons or coloured guarantee slips. These slips have coupon value: 1 Blue slip equals 2 coupons, 1 Pink slip equals 1 coupon, 3 Yellow slips equal 1 coupon. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

Here are two really worth-while **FREE GIFTS**. A girl's strong, smart under-arm handbag—in brown, black or blue—with mirror and 3 inner divisions. And for boys, a fine luminous watch, keeping splendid time, in a heavy nickel case. You can secure these **FREE GIFTS** simply by saving the Gift Coupons from Nestlé's Chocolate Packets and Cartons. There are so many different kinds of Nestlé's Chocolate that everyone can have his favourite kind and still be gathering the coupons. Get your friends to start collecting with you and you'll soon have your Gift.

**Boy's watch**  
**FREE FOR**  
**90**  
**COUPONS**



**NESTLÉ'S**  
**CHOCOLATE**

## 5 FREE COUPONS!

55/14.6.30

To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.),  
Silverthorne Road,  
Battersea, London, S.W.8

Name .....  
IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address .....

Please send me 5 **FREE**  
**COUPONS** and the  
Nestlé's Presentation List

1d. Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed.



A good breakfast of  
Shredded Wheat keeps you  
fit for your daily work

**SHREDDED**  
**WHEAT**

BRITONS MAKE IT - IT MAKES BRITONS



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 14, 1936

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s)

## THE BRAN TUB

### Apples and Oranges

TOMMY went into the green-grocer's shop with two shillings to spend on apples and oranges.

"My oranges are sixpence a dozen cheaper than the apples," explained the greengrocer.

"Then if I take twelve oranges how many apples can I have?" asked Tommy.

"Eight," he was told.

How much each were the apples?

Answer next week

### Is Your Name Tickner?

HERE is a surname connected with the fine arts, for Tickner is a changed spelling of the Dutch word tekener, which means a draughtsman. The first of the Tickners was no doubt a man noted for his skill in drawing, and probably he came from Holland.

### A Camper's Meat Hanger

It is often difficult to keep meat cool and free from flies in camp and this simple device will be found useful.

Thin muslin or similar material is tacked to a cardboard or wooden disc, about eighteen inches in diameter, and the muslin is then sewn down the side.

The meat can then be stood on the disc while the hanger is tied at the top and suspended from a tree branch in some shady spot.

### King of the Ants

AT this time of the year one may often see a bright green beetle crawling on rose bushes. It is the rose beetle, which does considerable damage to the plants by eating the leaves.

The larva of this insect has earned for itself the name of King of the Ants because it is sometimes found in ants' nests. The grub lives for three years on decayed wood and vegetable matter, and is no doubt attracted to the nest by the presence of these materials.

### A Jumbled Verse

BELOW is the first verse of a well-known poem. The letters in the words have been jumbled, but the words remain in their correct order.

A aeilftcn ot hte ghilindsa dbnuo Srice "nmaabot do otn rryat, Nad ill' veig etch a verlis ndopu To wor'su ero' hte rryef."

Answer next week

### Facts About Cleopatra's Needle

It was erected 3400 years ago at Heliopolis to commemorate Thothmes III, King of Egypt.

Two thousand years ago Cleopatra caused it to be moved to Alexandria.

After great difficulties it was brought to London and set up on the Embankment in 1878.

It is 68 feet high and weighs 140 tons.

### Ici On Parle Français



Le bugle Le mason Une ampoule

Le petit bugle a un son très aigu  
Ce mason fait un mur de briques  
Cette ampoule n'éclaire pas bien

### What Am I?

My first is in upper but not in sole,

My second is in rabbit but not in mole.

My third is in stick but not in rod,

My fourth is in turbot but not in cod.

My fifth is in sun but not in planet,

My sixth is in bird but not in gannet.

My last is in strength but not in might,

My whole is oft a charming sight.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Mars

is in the East. In the

evening Venus is in the North-

West, Neptune

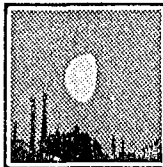
is in the West,

and Saturn is in the South-East.

Our picture

shows the Moon as it may be seen

looking South at 7 a.m. on June 18.



### Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the words defined below so that the diagonal letters indicated by noughts will form the name of a popular fruit which is ripe at this time of the year.

O\*\*\*\*\* Make straight.  
\*O\*\*\*\*\* Enticement.  
\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Dilemma.  
\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Joking remark.  
\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Portions.  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Striving for.  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Distinction.  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Meddled.  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Word book.  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Entirely.

Answer next week

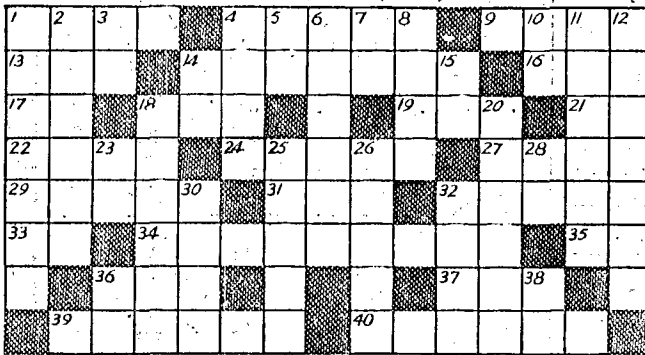
### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

An Allotment Problem 60 Find the Poets Kingsley Emerson Arnold Tennyson Shakespeare

A Strange Word Five. iv. v.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across: 1. Poems. 4. A niggard. 9. Penpoints. 13. Industrious insect. 14. The juice of roses mixed with honey. 16. Skill. 17. South Africa.\* 18. An ermet. 19. Humorous term for the head. 21. Irish.\* 22. Ardour. 24. An African antelope. 27. To advise. 29. Splits. 31. Frozen water. 32. Worn by school-boys. 33. Victoria Regina.\* 34. In a zealous manner. 35. French for and. 36. A male. 37. Over (poetical). 39. Soft. 40. A petty despot.

Reading Down: 1. To see. 2. A trader. 3. Early English.\* 4. A small particle. 5. The same.\* 6. To console. 7. Printer's measure. 8. To tear away. 10. Iowa.\* 11. A structure over a river. 12. Roads. 14. Royal Navy.\* 15. Behold. 18. Pertaining to the Andes. 20. One who makes a noise like an ass. 23. Indefinite article. 25. A big ship. 26. Homes of the birds. 28. Editor.\* 30. Found on the seashore. 32. A blemish. 36. First person singular. 38. High artist's honour.\*

## DI MERRYMAN

### Nothing Left

Two guests in a private hotel were talking about things.

"Yes," said one. "The advertisement of this place says that it is excellent for change and rest."

"Perfectly true," said the other.

"The waiter gets all the change and the proprietor gets the rest."

### Modern Knowledge

THE geography lesson was in progress.

"Now, Johnny," asked the teacher, "can you show me Rome on the map?"

"I'm afraid I can't, Miss," was the reply, "but it comes in at 80 on our wireless."

### No Sale

SHOP Assistant: That hat suits you admirably, Madam. If I may say so, it makes you look ten years younger.

Customer: Then I'll not take it.

Shop Assistant: But why not, Madam?

Customer: Because when I took it off I should look ten years older.

### The Old Man of Uttoxeter



THERE is an old man of Uttoxeter

Who objects to his wife; so he

mocks at her;

He chases her round

And when she is found

Throws not only his boots but his

socks at her.

### Too Efficient

A WORRIED business man had consulted his friend the doctor.

"Now, why don't you try to forget your troubles?" said the doctor.

"That's not easy," was the

reply. "You see, I have a most

efficient secretary who won't let

me forget anything."

### Puzzle: Find Father

THERE had been a collision between a motor-car and a haycart, with the result that the hay was upset. A boy who had been leading the horse was surveying the damage.

"Hain't you better run and tell your father?" queried the motorist.

"He knows already," replied the boy.

"But how can he?" protested the car-driver.

"He's under the hay," was the quiet retort.

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

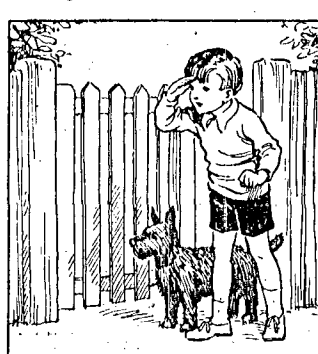
MAC, the little black Aberdeen, was very excited when Paul showed him the new bobtail sheepdog, who was called Mick.

Mick was only a great shaggy puppy but he was about four times the size of little Mac, and Mac took him under his care at once.

When Paul took the two dogs for their run Mac's short legs would patter after the puppy's long ones; and if Mick would not come when Paul called him Mac would go up to him and give two little short, disapproving barks, as if to say, "You're a naughty puppy, Mick. You must obey when Master calls."

One morning when Paul went to fetch the dogs for their walk he could only find

Mac. He whistled and called Mick, but there was no answer. He searched all through the house and garden



Mick had disappeared

but Mick had disappeared.

Paul was in a great way;

he went to the gate and

looked up and down the road;

there was no sign of Mick.

"Find him! Find Mick, good chap!" he said to Mac, who looked up at him as if he were saying the same thing to Paul.

Then Paul had one more look in the woodshed, and when he came back there was no Mac!

"Perhaps he's gone to find Mick," Mummy suggested.

"I expect, if you wait, he'll be back soon."

And, sure enough, in about ten minutes Mac came scampering back, panting and excited. He jumped up at Paul, barking and saying in his own doggy language:

"Come on, Master! I'll show you where he is."

So Paul followed the little terrier, who pattered on in front, looking over his

shoulder now and then to make sure that Paul was following.

He led Paul along the road till he came to a big empty house. The house had high brick walls and a tall iron gate, and there, barking loudly behind the bars, was Mick. He had evidently nosed his way into the garden and then the gate had blown to and made the poor little creature a prisoner.

Mick was wild with joy when Paul opened the gate, and I don't know whether he was more pleased to see Paul or Mac. But Mac ran along close behind him all the way home, giving little grunts, as if to say, "I shall not let you out of my sight again, you naughty puppy."

## FINDING MICK

For  
your  
throat

The Allenburys Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Allenburys  
Glycerine & Black Currant  
PASTILLES  
Your Chemist sells them  
8d & 1/3 Per Box

Good  
Health

Andrews helps to maintain health and fitness by cleansing internally. Pleasant-tasting, bubbling and sparkling, it is of equal benefit to young and old.

4-OZ. TIN | 8-OZ. TIN  
9d | 1/4

